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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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CARL SCHURZ AND OTHER DISAFFECTED SENATORS CONSIDER THE SELECTION OF GREELEY FOR PRESIDENT.
From a cartoon by Thomas Nast.

A Patriotic American

CARL SCHURZ, REFORMER. By CLAUDE MOORE FUESS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

PROFESSOR FUESS has produced a compact and much needed life of the only foreign-born American who served in the army as a brigade, division, and corps commander, represented one of our States for a term as United States Senator, and also occupied the position of minister in the diplomatic service. It is an excellent study, showing thoroughness of research, and is distinguished by being neither an attempt at sensationalizing nor mere adulation. Himself the grandson of one of the "Forty-Eighters," whose unsuccessful attempt to purge Germany of its kings gave to the United States an immigration unsurpassed by any other group in adaptability, fitness, and loyalty to democratic principles, Professor Fuess was well fitted to write of Carl Schurz with all possible sympathy. He has, however, held himself so well in hand as at times to lean backward in his effort to be absolutely judicial and to expose his subject's weaknesses, as well as Schurz's virtues and tremendous abilities.

Thus he has referred at various points to Schurz's egotism and great personal ambition. Something of an egotist the General undoubtedly was. But one must ask whether men who lift themselves to great distinction in public life can do so without limitless self-confidence and belief in their own powers, without also marking out for themselves well in advance the course they wish to follow. In Schurz's case the very fact that he was foreign-born and, as such, all his life subject to wanton, ignorant, or purely political attacks as a "Dutchman," who, if he did not wholly like the United States, ought to "go back where he came from," made him perhaps subconsciously eager to let people know what he was, what he had accomplished, and, in his early days, to boast a bit of his remarkable successes. Yet one could not call him in later years immodest in any degree; nor does my memory today place any other trait of his as high as the really noble simplicity —the simplicity of the truly great—which characterized him as well as the radiant happiness he was so eager to share with others. Beside these his occasional signs of vanity, or conceit, are of only minor importance.

As for his ambition, Professor Fuess has cited some intimate letters to his wife which prove that Schurz often expected high reward for his attainments—may not a man be allowed to confide in his wife his innermost dreams as to the heights he hopes to storm and capture? As, for example, when the Senatorship hove in sight Schurz wrote to his wife: "Do you recall that a seat in the Senate was from the first the highest position we desired for me?" Surely a man who came within a few hundred votes of being elected lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin *before* he had even been naturalized; who had been Minister to Spain and was a general commanding a brigade at the front by the time he was thirty-three years old and had not yet been ten years in America, may well be excused both for some vanity and for high ambitions. More than that, Abraham Lincoln himself, who was fascinated by Schurz from their first meeting on a railroad train, said in 1861 to Senator James W. Grimes of Iowa that Carl Schurz was "the greatest man in America"—which Grimes soon retailed to Schurz. That might well have turned any young man's head. But Professor Fuess is not justified in declaring that Schurz was a man of "overmastering ambition." In those days, it was in far larger degree than today the unvarying custom to reward with high office men who served a party. Schurz did such yeoman work in bringing the German-Americans into the new Republican Party and enlisting them for its great cause of freedom, that he had a right to expect striking rewards.

Had, however, office-holding been the lodestar of Schurz's life, he could, like Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt, after opposing in 1884 the nomination of James G. Blaine for the Presidency, have swung back to his party and supported its nominee. Blaine would certainly have promised Schurz any office he might have desired in return for his support, the lack of which was perhaps fatal to his candidacy. Instead, Schurz finally left the party, and became definitely the finest type of political independent this country has produced. No man of "overmastering ambition" ever deliberately chooses this road of inviting attack from both sides of a two-party system. It is true that, previously, after going with the Greeley Republicans in 1872, Schurz did return to the regular fold, did campaign for Hayes, and then, when Hayes was seated, he accepted the Secretaryship of

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War or Peace in Literature

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is not this essay that you should read, or I can write, today, but such a satire, realist yet pleading, savage yet utterly convincing, as Swift in his *saeva indignatio* could, and would, write if he were alive.

Imagine a chapter of "Gulliver" which described a society that had subdued nature without lessening perceptibly its own essential stupidity. A world that had solved, for the first time in history, the problem of food, the problem of comfort, the problem of cleanliness, the problem of transportation, and a good half of the problem of health and longevity. Imagine the mordant strokes with which he would describe a race of giant Brobdingnagians who had nothing to fear now except one another and how they would shrink under his depicting into dwarf Lilliputians, absurd in their vaunts of power, and shrilly jealous, although just this side of millenium, of every Blefesen around the corner which preferred to open its eggs from the big instead of the little end.

But Swift would be too wise to sneer. In his own century rationalism was even further ahead of the human will than is our scientific thinking. His monarchs quarreling over dynasties were more absurd than our democracies on edge over economic and racial rivalries, yet they were far easier to handle, just as a mule with a colic is a simpler problem than an automobile out of order. He would not sneer, no one but a fool would sneer at the difficulties in which progress has involved us, for only a fool would overlook the patent fact that there has been progress, and that progress, where rightly named, is good. But his satire would still snap at the thin skins of our public. A twentieth century uncertain whether to head for Hell or Utopia needs the lash.

Our particular danger need not have been war. If we had let chemistry and popular education alone, the menace that everyone fears might have been something much less destructive, like forced labor or compulsory eugenics. But applied science has made incredible weapons by which war attains the efficiency in slaughter of a machine, and our policy of general education has raised brutish peasants into feeling, if still foolish, men, whose capacity to suffer has been multiplied with their faculties for living. War has become the dreaded and ten-times deadly plague of the twentieth century. It is our black death. And with the growing complexity of its impacts and its after effects on a complex civilization, the importance of checks, ameliorations, and incitements to war grows also. If we lack a Swift, we certainly do not lack writers, and it is pertinent to ask whether literature as we read it, literature which heightens consciousness and intensifies experience and hence is a mainspring for ideas and emotions, holds back from, or encourages, war.

I believe that imaginative literature, not only what we are creating today but also what we have inherited and read and teach in schools and colleges, is at this moment in the history of culture, an urge not a hindrance to war. And I say this with, I hope, an adequate memory of the innumerable passages of great literature which, from the Sermon on the Mount and the sayings of Buddha down, urge peace on earth, good will toward men. I say it again, with a full realization that the noblest of our literary masterpieces inspire endurance, conciliation, moral courage, love, rather than hate, turmoil, or even aggressiveness. Yet while it is arguable that literature in every past not barbarous has more often held men back from physical conflict than stirred them on, the same argument is not so convincing today. The war books are more dangerous, the peace books less effective.

The recent flood of so-called war books is not responsible for this change. There have always been war books, and the Iliad, Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," Shakespeare's "Henry IVth" and "Henry Vth," "Paradise Lost," "Ivanhoe," and "The Idylls of the King" belong in the same general category with "All Quiet on the Western Front." But the war book in the current sense of the word is worth pausing over because popular opinion believes that it helps to stop war.

I have read most of them, from "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" to the last terrible story of death and misery in Serbia, and I have read them with fascinated attention, for I saw just enough of the western front in 1918, and more than enough of the background of war, to find in these books that heightening of consciousness of things past which is one of the chief functions of literature.

War books like "All Quiet" or the memoirs of Sassoon, or plays like "What Price Glory," are, in one respect, the very opposite of the Iliads and the Chansons de Roland. They present war as a horrid experience, debasing and miserable. Their authors look at war as helpless men in the trenches see it after every illusion has been shot and cut and starved out of them. These books are, I suppose, the most faithful representations of war from the point of view of the inner and not usually articulate man that have ever been written. For the last war was fought just when scientific naturalism in fiction was reaching its height, and the writers of a whole generation took part and had their own experiences to draw from. Nor

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TRANSIT.
By GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

"BEN JONSON AND KING JAMES."
Reviewed by ESTHER C. DUNN.

"BRIGHT SKIN."
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"OVERNIGHT."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"HISTORY OF HUMAN STUPIDITY."
Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON.

"LUSTY SCRIPPS."
Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE.

THIGH-BONE TO BREAST-BONE.
By HUMBERT WOLFE.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

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are these books in general unfair to the many nobler aspects of even so slaughterous and unhappy a war as the World War of 1914-1918. There is plenty of humor in them (more humor, in fact, than in modern novels about peace), a good deal of heroism, and much hearty enjoyment. Nevertheless the honest war books present an experience that no sane man would willingly repeat. I say repeat, and in this word lies the fallacy in the naive belief of peace lovers who think that if literature and the screen and the stage will only present modern war in its stupidity, its pain, and its sordidness, no new generation will ever go *en masse* to war.

I should have no doubt of the loyalty of the American Legion, if war should shift their attention from the bonus to the defense of their country, but I do not believe that those who actually saw service in the front line in France, except for a minority of born fighters, would ever willingly go again to war, except at the call of the highest duty and urgency, and then with skepticism and despair in their hearts. But the American Legion will never fight another war, although they may cause one. It is the next generation that will have to fight if there is fighting to be done. And what is the effect upon them, upon youth, of these war books and war films—especially those that are honest and unsparing? The effect upon them is of experience—a vital, searching, intense experience, as far removed from the drift of a routine, profit-seeking life as is a game of football from a loaf in the streets or a walk to business. For them, the writers of these books are neither propagandists nor revealers of truth, they are men who have lived intensely and who are telling youth in accents of woe and remembered misery but still with pride and a consciousness of vivid events deeply lived, that the new generation are still happy children innocent of intensity. And who, at twenty or even at thirty, wants to be a happy child!

For a decade now we have been reading these books, those who would not repeat the experience with an acutely pleasurable intensification of all their memories, but those who have never experienced an intensification of danger and of fear with the same fascination that children find in stories of ghosts and adults in stories of crime, vicariously satisfying the urge to live to the dregs, and yet feeling at the end—vicarious.

I am not attacking these, or any honest, war books, nor joining the foolish ranks of the fanatics who would oppose mention of war in books as the Soviets suppress literature based upon capitalism. Our war books made articulate what had to be said, and the best of them made it splendidly articulate. But let no one suppose that they are winged with the white feathers of the dove of peace.

It would be as absurd to try to suppress them as to rule out of our culture those magnificent war books of traditional literature—Homer's Virgil's, the Old Testament, the romances of chivalry, the histories of Shakespeare, in which "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" display some of the finest attributes of humanity. Although congenitally a Quaker I freely admit that, however bad war has been biologically, spiritually it has had its merits. The professional warrior has been, and is often now, a cultural type which other professions may envy, in character if not always in intellect. Brokers are usually more predatory than soldiers.

And yet this longing for fatal experience on the part of the younger generation is intensified rather than abated by such great books as I have mentioned. The great war books are rich in spiritual nourishment. When we no longer read them it will be because courage and energy and rivalry and delight in obstacles overcome have abated in a decadent race. There is nothing to be gained by forgetting the magnificent IVth book of "Paradise Lost," or limiting our Shakespeare to "As You Like It," and "Hamlet," with its little patch of ground that would scarcely hold the bodies slain for it. But they must be sublimated as undue sex stimulus is sublimated. They must meet in the minds of the readers some screen or grill through which their rays filter to become an inspiration and not incitement to an action which may seem like the wars of the past but is not an equivalent. For it is not Falstaff with his 1920 knowledge of what the grinning honor of war really means, but Hotspur's

> By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
> To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon

that in some less romantic form lurks in the consciousness of youth reading the books about war. All I argue here is that the most spirited books in literature can scarcely be said to be a preventive of conflict.

How can they be? They draw their ideas and their imagery from a world in which war was an unavoidable factor, in which war, for the warrior at least, was not widely different from our sports, and where armed conflict supplied the best symbols for the more virile virtues indispensable to humanity. It requires, to be sure, only that imaginative translation which we apply to every creative effort based on *mores* different from our own—which we apply to the Greek tragedies for example—to shift these values from a world where war was a social necessity to a new world where war is a social suicide. But in order to make that translation there must be a new language of the imagination into which to translate. And that does not yet exist. Our imaginations still live in the past, and so does our war literature.

The fundamental reason why not merely war books but the greater proportion of the great books of our literature do not incite to peace is that the older order has died and given place to new. We live in a world where, as every intelligent person knows (although no effective person seems to be doing much about it), economic and social conditions and possibilities have both outrun our political order. Shakespeare, Milton, or even Chaucer would have little difficulty in understanding our politics, but the conception of a world-wide economic interdependence and the conception of a nation-wide racial admixture would leave them dazed and uncomprehending, chiefly because the instruments by which the new order has been made inevitable would be incomprehensible to them. Dante would come nearer (though not very near) to understanding the unmistakable need of solidarity in the modern world, than any ancient or the men of the Renaissance or of the eighteenth century. What we are painfully trying to build is something much more like the Catholic empire of the Middle Ages than the Roman empire of the classic period.

But the classics of literature are without exception based upon many ideas of social and economic relationships which are no longer realities except insofar as they survive in deleterious practice. This does not invalidate these classics as literature, for we do not read Homer or Shakespeare to learn of war and politics, or Milton to learn of the minerology of the pavement of Hell; yet those who ask whether the reading of standard literature discourages war must be answered that the world order of the classic masterpieces is always an archaic world order in which war is inevitable and, like all inevitable things, sometimes salutary when courageously embraced. It is a world order in which war is a local plague, not wild fire, for, of course, the world of the classic writers was not a world order at all, but a system of independent units but slightly correlated. It is not the world which for us must be reality.

If Mr. Pitkin in his just published "History of Human Stupidity" is right, and the future of society is not international, but lies rather in isolated, small, intensely nationalistic, and self-contained states ringed about with ineffective barbarism, then the influence of our present fund of literature for or against war might strike a balance. But Professor Pitkin's idea seems to me to be the wish psychology of a New Yorker who would be content with New York if only he could see how to feed it! Would such a city state be New York or rather a ruin like Rome in the sixth century, barbarous itself and waiting for a stronger barbarism to swallow it! Anything may happen to the distressed community of the twentieth century, but the trend is all the other way—toward federation or chaos. The isolationist may have his way, and it is quite probable that America may attempt to secure herself by the same policy of isolation which has been successful in the past, but no one who has thought out the consequences can really *desire* the economic and literary dark ages in sight for an industrialized country that tries to make itself self-contained. And hence in any thinking of the future not determinedly defeatist we are forced to consider a world more, not less, coöperative and coördinated, and in such a world the basic political and social ideas of our imaginative literature become more and more outdated. Individualistic, national, militant literature may retain many moral values in addition to its artistic excellence, but in a world community where the term war, like the term money, is changing its meaning, and where the patriotism that saved sixteenth century England is quite capable of ruining the England of the twentieth century, the social ideas of our literary heritage do not incite to peace.

Science is a different story. With a few exceptions to be noted later, scientific writing is all on the side of peace. Scientific books, for one thing, die conveniently when they are read. Their facts are absorbed into the next synthesis, and, with the exception of a few works in the marginal fields of social science, no books live on to confuse the imagination of readers. Science inevitably works for an ordered world, and since it is an amateur handling of social and economic questions which is responsible for most of our disorder, scientific writing, when it touches war at all, is entirely an argument for peace. In a thousand modern books of social science, precautions and adjustments essential for the avoidance of war are laid down with a clarity which unfortunately is no guarantee that they will ever be adopted. The whole case against war as an almost totally destructive agency in the modern state is amply set forth by science. It has proved it biologically deleterious, psychologically dangerous, and socially unwise except in the narrowest of special instances. If applied science has made war damaging beyond precedent, scientific thinking has offered a compensation for the disasters which it makes possible by an elaborate exposition of what mankind must do to be saved from its own skill. Political science is as aware of the perils of unrestrained nationalism as parliaments and congresses are ignorant. Economical science is as alive to the possibilities of international control and internal adjustment as political parties are blind to the ultimate results of their economic policies. The scientific mind is as clear in its general principles as the popular mind is muddled. If pseudo-scientific books on racial superiorities have done harm, and the twisted science of cheap journalism is damaging, that is not the fault of science but of a human nature which psychologists can analyze but have not begun to control.

And yet if the new generation were fed exclusively upon the best scientific writing it is doubtful whether they would be conditioned against war. For such great impulses as the desire for experience and the urge to live a dangerous, competitive life are, of course, emotional and spring from ancestral regions into which the logic of facts penetrates like a bullet which shoots through the trunk of a tree leaving only a hole which the living tissues quickly close. Scientific writing is all against war, all for the solidarity of some economically federated world in which individualism would survive as a utility not as a menace. But its impact is too slow. It needs a century to work in. It is, I fear, almost powerless with most adults, powerless, that is, to affect action in times of stress; and in the minds of children it must meet emotional drives in a different direction with which, until this science becomes the basis of a new literature, it is quite unable to cope. After the best scientific treatment, emotional cravings are left adrift which are sure to fasten themselves to opportunities for excitement, escape, or intense experience. Indeed, a sound scientific training makes a man far more useful in war, as war is now fought, and therefore especially susceptible to calls to service. Doctors are emotionally helpless before the fact of war.

Science needs no reforming, but it lacks the direct appeal to the emotions of art. Shall we then ask our poets, novelists, and dramatists to rise to the emergency and produce anti-war propaganda? Is that the literature this new world needs? Did you ever read the imaginative literature of prohibition, or do you suppose that the ultimate effect of even such a book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was fortunate? The muse saddled with a moral duty has always been an unhappy spectacle. It is not books of propaganda, or the statements, the arguments, the morals in any literature which awake the imagination and arouse the will, but ideals, archetypes, fictitious courses of action which subtly transform the mind of the reader, until he is able to adopt a new pattern of life because in imagination he is a new man. And hence the opponent of war does not solicit tracts and tirades and dismal tragedies with morals writ in blood, nor realistic studies of the miseries of war, which, like Chaucer's Chariot of Mars, merely arouse the curiosity. He hopes for a new literature which will make intimate and desired an imagined world where war is improbable.

It is easy to prophesy what that world would be like economically, less easy to guess what it would be like socially, and very difficult to imagine it complete now in terms of our human nature. It is the world we already know, in which the combativeness of man has been immensely reduced, his powers of coöperation very much increased, and his self-knowledge raised at least one or two millimeters. It is that world projected toward a favorable future. And the new literature, which will directly help us toward such a future, must imitate human nature in a stage of transition from the militant to the cooperative, it must take the ideal of world solidarity as naturally as the Iliad takes the fact of Hellenic patriotism. It must base its imaginative edifices upon a social structure where war is an accident, and only thus can it really shape an imaginative ideal of peace.

This is very different from the satiric methods of a Voltaire, the ironic methods of a Swift, the pleading and protests of a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, or a Tolstoy, or the scorn of a Bernard Shaw. All these have their uses, but literature is far too complex in its emotional effects to be a safe refuge against war until it is built on new foundations.

No literature today discharges this high function, for no literature has the world as subject, and nothing else will serve our purpose. The Christian gospel did embrace the world, but a world before economics and applied science had changed the terms of the problem. The "Divine Comedy" of Dante did deal with an organization of the world as he knew it, but

Transit

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON

TWO night expresses, crossing and full-steaming,
Swifter than shuttles against the cloudy wrack,
Weave with their windows checks of gold and black,
And swifter than flowers in fabric-lengths outstreaming
Faces in warp and weft flash and are gone . . .
In all the west no intimation shone
Such wealth of life would dazzle down the track;
In all the solemn night there is no trace
Of the wild pattern that was flung on space.

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the ideals and the archetypes of that great poem are both drawn from a society so radically different from ours that they have only a moral value. We need a new type of humanism to counteract a patriotism out of joint, and for that we have the prose of science but not yet poetry which can arouse the imagination.

Our writers are well aware of the need, indeed. I suppose that no first-rate writer today anywhere is oblivious to the calamitous results of excessive nationalism. Perhaps they are too aware of the muddle of the world. Many of them are in precipitate flight from catastrophe, taking refuge, like T. S. Eliot, in tradition, or, like Joyce or Proust, in an intense individualism. Others, like Sinclair Lewis, with teeth set on edge by the growing pains of democratic civilization, are lashing at provincial nationalism. Such a book was "Main Street." Still others, like the new Soviet novelists, are absorbed in what they regard as a world order forming in their own race and land, too absorbed in their own experiment to be humanists in the sense in which I have used the word. Still others, like H. G. Wells, a notable example, have had a glimpse of a world society which might provide a new literature as well as a new life, but are too burdened with the duty of preaching scientific Utopias to let the imagination rise to a great creative effort. Wells is clearly an artist half emerged from the shell of science, his wings still clogged with yolk. If literature is not opening the roads to peace it is not because writers have their heads in the sand, but because the new task for them is immensely difficult.

It is difficult because modern literature is bred and born of nationalism and runs back to it whenever the jaws of war threaten it. Where its theme is not nationalistic, its subjects are. Where its subjects are types of men or ideas recognizable everywhere, the figures of speech and the whole associative complex of the work of art are dependent upon nationalistic ideas for their force and validity. And rightly so, for literature cannot be made out of the future, and only with great difficulty out of the present. To write scientifically, prosaically, of the kind of world in which modern war with its modern causes would be improbable, is easy: but to make this world emotionally convincing and appealing requires a medium that has not yet been developed, because the stuff of experience which the medium will express is still inchôate and new. World solidarity, to use again that vague term, is not now hot and exalted in the imagination because it still exists only as a potential necessity rather than as such a vital reality as Shakespeare's England was to Shakespeare. The deep associations which make the language of literature rich and suggestive do not adhere to such a conception. Inevitably when poets write of it they become rhetorical as Tennyson did, or vague and platitudinous like the weaker passages of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," and the cloudier strophes of the political poems of Shelley.

Yet such a heat and exaltation is perfectly possible while the hoped-for state remains only an ideal. It has happened before when a new conception of human order suddenly struck the imagination. It happened when the Greeks conceived of Hellenism as a culture able to lift men forever above barbarism. It happened when Shakespeare (and many with him) turned the high expectancy of the Renaissance into passion. When Marlowe wrote—

"And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,"

a new language for England was born. A language was born again with Milton. And our own Walt Whitman, struggling against the nationalisms which caused the Civil War, did invent for his conception of an economic democracy free to assert the individualism of everyone, the language for one of the most stirring poems of Utopia ever written. He himself came too early for a world view, since his vision was limited by the possibilities of a unique America, but the "Leaves of Grass," in spirit if not in form, comes nearer to being the prototype of the kind of literature which in this day could open roads to peace than any other book known to me. For Whitman assumes as the basis of his poetry a new society, not too different from the community of his own day to be unconvincing, and yet already living in a new order. He believed it to be *the* new order, but that does not diminish the importance and the significance for later writers of his attempt. When someone writes a "Leaves of Grass" which has the same relation to world solidarity as a possible economic and social basis of society that its great prototype had to America as America was before the Civil War, the new literature of which I write will have begun.

It is neither the romance of Hotspur, however sublimated, nor the grinning sarcasm of Falstaff that will help to save the world from war, but, if there is to be any help from literary art, a literature reflecting a social order that our age will create because it must. And since war and literature are both symptoms, one bad one good, of a greed for living, the change cannot come much more rapidly in literature than in life, although one may for a while outrun the other—and both may turn back on the course. It is nonsense to expect literature alone to reform the world. It can help, but it cannot help much until by some process like conversion, or by logic, or by the results of harsh experience—and most probably by all three—peace, the expert, coöperative, and constructive peace which is the only kind of any use in a world like ours, becomes intimate to the imagination. Then, since literature is an intensification of experience and feeds upon what is most intense in its day, it will feed upon the passion for such a peace as it once fed upon war, and now upon love, and the beautiful experience, and death. And just as the statistician's curve indicates the rise and fall of price levels throughout the world, so literature, and especially poetry, will register the turn of the world, if there is to be a turn, away from war. But unlike the statistician's curve, it will influence as well as indicate. When the books we read begin to be conditioned by a new world order where peace is possible, they will begin to condition a future where war is improbable—even as they are conditioning the future now, but not towards peace.

The foregoing essay, which was delivered at the Charter Day celebration of the University of California at Los Angeles, will be published later by the University.

For this year's Northcliffe Prize, a reciprocal award to the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize, the French committee has recommended: "Les Hommes du Navire Perdu," by Jean Feuga, "Conquête," by Pierre Frederix, "Echo," by Violette Trefusis, and "Saint-Saturnin," by Jean Schlumberger. The British committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis, will make the final choice.

The Life Story of a Hero

BEN JONSON AND KING JAMES: Biography and Portrait. By ERIC LINKLATER. New York: Cape & Smith. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN
Smith College

THIS book should be called "The History of Ben Jonson" after the honorable pattern of Fielding's "Tom Jones." It is the life-story of a hero; a hero whose bulk and brawn and sheer male force are comparable to Tom's, but a hero whose temperament is "of another color." This Jonson has the Elizabethan capacity for elevation and pathos; he is torn by that constant strife between poignant reflection and unconsidered action which, straining at the vitals of a man, pulled out of him exquisite poetry or brought him to the edge of bright folly with equal ease.

Granted a real hero, be he of Fielding's or Shakespeare's day, a lifelong story, from birth to death, is not too wide a stage for his display. It is Linklater's distinction that he handles this lifelong story with such blithe ease. No short cuts or starred episodes for this young Titan: he has the strength to keep his hero and his reader going at top speed and with equal enthusiasm through the variegated episodes of a life history and to make chronological development his servant.

THE LONDON OF JONSON'S TIME.
FROM AN ILLUSTRATION REPRODUCED IN "BEN JONSON AND KING JAMES."

An accurate sense of facts and the imagination to reconstruct those facts go rarely together; but Linklater has both these qualities. His sense of what was going on in London in the last third of the sixteenth and the first third of the seventeenth century is correct. He knows to a month what plays were at the theatres, what expeditions on the high seas, what hard-riding intriguers were on the North Road to Edinburgh with letters of double intent. And, more subtle than this, he knows about the change in mood that fell upon the old century in its last decade; for he heads his chapter on the satiric, analytic, introspective London of the 'nineties, "Fin de Siècle."

Against this fast-changing background, woven out of knowledge and a sense of fact, Linklater makes his hero live, responding to it in the changes of his art from tragedy to satire, from the old-fashioned wonder at romantic story to the new-fashioned wonder at the intricacies and follies of contemporary society. And sadly enough, Jonson must adapt again from satire to poetic prettiness for the court of James.

For readers not specially interested in that period or its literature, the story has a special value. For the changing temper of a world, whatever its date, is matter for study nowadays. And this sort of hero, no matter what his name, presents that conflict between what he was meant to be and what his will and his world made of him, which interests us today; and rightly interests us, too, for it is a real phenomenon in human existence, no matter how badly it has been parodied and distorted by speudo-science. Linklater, writing of Jonson's probable additions to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," says:

> The romantic power [in these passages] is remarkable, but the power to suppress it and redirect its energy into alien channels is yet more astonishing. Ben's genius never had a chance to ride him to ruin or the heights; for he rode it—bestrode it indeed like a Colossus; and though sometimes it faltered in its gait, it went the road he ordered.

There are many episodes in this book which are built upon probability, but it is an intelligent and careful probability. More is actually known of Jonson than of most men of the period. There is, for instance, the record of his "Conversations" with the Scotch gentleman, Drummond, in 1618. These notes of his opinions, gossip, trivialities, and profundities were recorded without any effort to focus them, by his Scotch host. They are a mine of information—if one knows how to work the mine. Linklater does know how. He supplies the missing personality behind the remarks; the consistent inconsistency which makes these *disjecta membra* grow together into a real conversation. The well-known comment by Jonson, for instance, that his wife was a shrew but honest comes out under Linklater's hand this way:

> "A shrew," he said and chuckled to think how often she had bandied words with him. "But honest," he added and smashed his great fist on the table so that Drummond started nervously and set back a glass that had come nearer to leaping from the edge.

Other personalities of the age come out to meet you in these pages. They are correct according to historical fact—and how much more; for Linklater, after all, has already made his debut as a novelist. He gives us Dekker: "a journalist who wrote pamphlets that carry their cargo of news and opinion on a stream of rhetoric, swift and dark. He wrote as if he were a minor prophet come to plague-stricken London; as if he were a son—got carelessly—of Theocritus." His comment on John Donne is equally right:

> a passionate nature, whose solitary and arrogant spirit was matched by an intellect so muscular that, like a strong man tearing a pack of cards, it tore conventional moods into marvelous fragments and twisted the very currency of thought into shapes unsuspected of the beholder.

It would be too unconventional of a reviewer not to cavil. Linklater has the "defect of his qualities"—damnably logical French phrase. The exuberance of poetic figures and the mounting rhetoric which so often betrayed his Elizabethans, sometimes betray him. "Their words," he says, "were like pebbles washed ashore, all new and shining from a new-found shining sea, and they used them with a glorious contempt for economy." And so does he, sometimes to the lessening of his effect. He also has a breathtaking way with some of his "facts" about Shakespeare: he is much too sure of Shakespeare's part in the "Stage Quarrel"; much too sure of his personal friendship with Jonson; too neatly categorical, after the pattern of Dowden, about the precise dates of Shakespeare's moods. The title of his book, too, is singularly inept. But this is to cavil.

Most of the reading for this book, one learns from the prefatory Note, was done during a year of travel while Mr. Linklater held a Commonwealth Fellowship. He thanks for their courtesy libraries as widely scattered as Cornell and Edinburgh. Such wandering scholarship necessarily travels light: there is no bibliography, though there is an excellent index; and there are no footnotes. But the present reviewer would be willing to venture that somewhere, neatly filed and catalogued behind alphabetical cards, lie the dry bones in neat, anatomical order, from which Mr. Linklater has summoned this mountainous bulk of a ghost to walk and think and suffer again on earth.

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Plantation Folk

BRIGHT SKIN. By JULIA PETERKIN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE distinguishing characteristics of Mrs. Peterkin's notable contributions to the regional literature of this period are to be found undiluted in her new novel. The wealth of knowledge of primitive folkways, the depth and warmth of understanding of plantation negroes, and the gift she has for portraying these people with unfailing sympathy and without a trace of condescension, combine to make "Bright Skin" a piece of fiction of more than ephemeral interest; as in Mrs. Peterkin's other books the intrinsic value of her material is sufficiently high and sufficiently unusual to warrant the belief that the

JULIA PETERKIN.

novel will survive, regardless of shifts in the fickle winds of popular taste. Obviously one does not come easily into the possession of such material; the genuineness of Mrs. Peterkin's work is the result of in-taking through all the five senses and even the pores. Knowledge plus sincere emotion is the formula for this type of fiction, and both of these this novelist has in full measure.

She has learned much about the technical side of writing since the appearance of that first volume of short stories, "Green Thursday," which was a nine-day critics' wonder, not at all because of the skill with which it was written, but because of its hard-wrung emotional quality. Here, one felt, was something new and fresh, the curtain suddenly lifted upon another strange corner of our curious country; life, raw and violent, impinging upon a sensitive mind that had to sublimate its impressions by giving them some kind of artistic form. "Black April," the first novel, could hardly have been written without the practice of scale-running in "Green Thursday"; it disclosed the ability to handle a full length story rich in feeling and incident, although it was not completely coördinated. "Scarlet Sister Mary" showed a distinct gain both in the ease of the prose and in its architecture; "Bright Skin," although it suffers from a somewhat uncertain ending, is an admirably handled story, with more than one passage of thrilling writing.

It is, for one thing, a tightly knit novel, despite the success of its descriptions and its skilfully created plantation atmosphere. The principal characters do not escape the consciousness of the reader at any moment, and still there is no feeling that their movements are being managed for the sake of this effect. The direct result of all this is that "Bright Skin" is an unusually easy novel to read, easier than either "Black April" or "Scarlet Sister Mary." This is not to say that it is better in other respects than its predecessors; it suffers from the handicap of being without any such dominating character as either April or Mary. But such comparisons can never be quite fair, for one does not actually ask that a good novelist rewrite his successes, although this suggestion is implicit in a certain type of reviewing.

The plot of "Bright Skin" is a triangle, with Cricket, the girl who furnishes the title, as one angle, and her two sweethearts, Blue and Man Jay, as the others. Cricket is the daughter of a negro woman and a member of the family who once owned the plantation that is the setting of the story; Blue, her cousin, is brought to his mother's people when a small boy because his mother has turned out to be a loose woman; Man Jay is a "woods' colt," and likewise Cricket's cousin. Blue falls in love with Cricket the moment his eyes light on her. She loves Man Jay, who is without any of the almost incredible nobility of character possessed by Blue. Cricket's tragedy, the mixture of bloods, is not over-emphasized; perhaps one would feel it more deeply if hers were not a somewhat annoyingly sentimentalized portrait—she never comes as surely to life as she might. It is this mixture of bloods, however, that causes her to fall in love with a yellow bootlegger, while ignoring the pleading of Blue, left in possession of the field by Man Jay's flight to Harlem. The bootlegger is murdered on his way to the wedding, Blue steps into the breach, Cricket takes months to recover from the shock, and never really accepts the faithful Blue as her husband.

Mrs. Peterkin's resolution of this situation is her own affair, especially as she manages to keep up the suspense until the last page. Harlem comes into the book at the end, although the scene is never actually shifted from the plantation, and there is not sufficient of the influence of big-city life to spoil the validity of the story. Aside from the three principal characters, of whom Blue is the most fully realized, there are a number of other people who are well done, men and women rejoicing in the freedom to love and to be loved as they choose, to bring children into the world with or without the benefit of clergy, and in general to behave with the extraordinary lifelikeness of so many of Mrs. Peterkin's characters.

Without neglecting her story or running the risk of having "Bright Skin" turn out more of a collection of interesting folk-lore than a novel, Mrs. Peterkin has made good use of her seemingly inexhaustible knowledge of negro superstitions. In several passages, as has been suggested, the quality of the writing is strikingly high; the simple prose conveys a complete mood, as in the instance of the account of a fishing trip taken by Blue, or of the burial of Wes, guardian of Cricket. There is a magical something about this kind of writing which most novelists never achieve, and which many others get only by leaning heavily upon technical tricks. At best it gives the reader a flashing awareness of the inside and outside of a character at the same moment.

One may say safely enough that even those readers who insist upon making comparisons will find "Bright Skin" a good novel. For those who complain about the difficulties of dialect, although Mrs. Peterkin's Gullah is simple enough for any one, there are a few footnotes at the beginning of the present book.

Sudden Passion

OVERNIGHT. By JOE LEDERER. Translated from the German by GUY ENDORE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS first novel to be published in this country by Joe Lederer, a young Viennese, is a very fine example of the new school of romantic writing, the novel of sudden and violent passions, that has been coming from the Germanic countries since the war. At the beginning of the book, in the evening, Sybil, the heroine, is on the eve of going to Zurich to be married; she is saying good-by to her friend Marion, and finds on Marion's desk a bulky letter from her bridegroom; without the slightest hesitation she steals it. At Marion's she meets a man named Lukas; they are at once attracted to each other, leave in company, and finally spend the night together, the letter unread between them. Not until the morning, when they have made all their plans for eloping to Brazil, does Sybil read the letter, to find that her fiancé is telling her friend that Sybil has contracted Addison's disease, and has only a short time to live.

It is necessary to give away the author's climax in this manner, because this conclusion is so characteristic, and so great a weakness in books of this sort. There are a number of recent novels that glorify romantic love, instantaneous attraction, and abandonment to passion; but they will none of them face the question of what is actually to happen after the elopement. "A Farewell to Arms, "Grand Hotel," and "Overnight," all allow their readers to experience the delights of romantic love while evading its consequences. And "Overnight" shows another difficulty which books of this sort must face: it appears to be positively embarrassed by the absence of a strong moral code. It is essential to the author's conception that her characters should be shown as sacrificing everything to their love; but a wife and a fiancé are small sacrifices now compared to what they were a generation ago. Fräulein Lederer manages to show Lukas as credibly distressed by the thought of leaving his wife, but Sybil's attitude toward her fiancé, whom she easily abandons although she regarded jealousy of him as ample excuse for stealing a letter, is an absurd extreme of antinomianism, and weakens the effect of her proposed elopement.

But with all its weaknesses, this is a good piece of work. Although its material is so slight, it holds the interest without a break, and catches the reader up in the heroine's sudden love. The progress of that love, its passage through all stages, forced like a greenhouse plant by Sybil's impending marriage, is traced with equal force and subtlety. For this is by no means a chronicle of sudden desire and its swift gratification; in the one night that is all they expect at first to have, the lovers go through as many states of mind as in other circumstances they might traverse in six months. The scene in which, after a wild automobile ride in which they have felt that they are in love, they sit alone in Sybil's room at midnight, in the grip of a reaction, not desiring each other, and wondering how in the world they are to get out of their position, is a little masterpiece. This is a book of unusual interest—interesting in itself, and interesting as an illustration of the strength and weakness of its kind.

A Peasant Chronicle

PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS. By PÁL SZABÓ. Translated from the Hungarian by GEORGE HALASZ. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE peasant hero of this Hungarian story is first seen as a boy, suddenly awakened by his father's death to realities which bewilder and depress him. What is there in this peasant's life, anyway, but to slave through the round that countless other generations have slaved through, and then, at forty-five or so, to die? Like a horse. He has a boyish affair with an older woman, the village postmaster's wife; really falls in love and becomes engaged to a nice young village girl—then comes war.

Off Bertalan goes with the rest of the cannon fodder; is flung into the common hell on three or four fronts; finally gets back to the village. His girl has married another man. Of the old village windmill, nothing is left but the wind. Everything has changed. Even the old stories, as the old men find, aren't funny any more. The only solid reality is the unchanging earth.

Land—that is the reality of which everybody talks, to which everybody clings. We must, will have the land. Bertalan finds another girl, younger sister of his first love. Meanwhile, what with the papers and books sent to the soldiers at the front, he has learned the excitement of reading, finds himself driven to write. He has something to tell the world. Those in authority must not forget the village which nobody used to bother about in the old days. So he, Bertalan, will tell them; write, not only on the fields, with his plow, like his forebears, but on paper as well.

The likeness of this character and experience to that of the author himself as well as various bits of internal evidence fit easily with the announcement that the work is that of a Hungarian peasant and a first novel. There is the occasional incoherence and awkward transition, the occasional straining for effect, the air of one with something real to say but not always intellectually sure of himself, which might be expected in the circumstances. But there are also freshness and flashes of beauty, the pleasant absence of cockney winks and glibness, and every now and then bits of canny peasant humor.

Such, for example, is that droll passage in which the crafty villagers, as soon as they see their feudal master's carriage approaching, begin to sing one of that gentleman-amateur composer's songs. Enchanted with this example of their good taste and touching fidelity, the lord of the manor orders the coachman to stop the horses and to take the peasants some cigars. Or one of the peasants tells the master a yarn, at once so funny and so redolent of the soil, that his lordship must shout "Emmy! Emmy!" to his wife, across a suite of rooms, "Listen to this. Come listen to this!" and then direct the steward to give the honest fellow an ox or a keg of wine or something.

There is the old fellow who carries round with him for weeks the official postcard informing him that his son has been killed at the front. Explaining that he can't read, he asks somebody to translate the message, and on hearing the tragic news, falls to the ground and weeps quietly for a time, then rolls over on his back and begins to kick and howl at such a rate that the distracted interpreter plies him with money, tobacco, or whatever is handy. At this, the old peasant becomes quiet, carefully buttons up his winnings, and stumps off to try his card another day.

Here we have the peasant from the "inside"—a trait almost forced on those on the bottom rung of feudal ladders, but comparatively unfamiliar to Americans, who are likely to dismiss the "peon" type as a stupid domestic animal or to sentimentalize him as an unspoiled child of nature. Unfamiliar, too, is the setting of the great Hungarian plain and of the mountain front above Trieste where Bertalan learned what war is. Not an intellectually tidy nor closely integrated tale, but one with life and the earth in it.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF HUMAN STUPIDITY. By WALTER B. PITKIN. *Simon & Schuster.*

A lengthy inquiry into the "vast, sprawling areas of average, perennial, history-making stupidity."

RECOVERY. By SIR ARTHUR SALTER. *Century.*

A discussion of present world conditions and an analysis of possible ways to renewed vitality by the former Director of the Economic Section of the League of Nations.

BRIGHT SKIN. By JULIA PETERKIN. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

A novel of plantation negroes, with a girl of mixed blood for heroine.

The Saturday Review
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The Old Sin of Stupidity

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF HUMAN STUPIDITY. By WALTER B. PITKIN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

ONE of the latest recruits to the army of reformers who couch their spears against the evil in the world is Professor Walter Pitkin. Being a journalist he naturally looks for a new approach to his subject. And having found such an approach he becomes convinced that he has found something radically new. His new approach is the one to which modern psychology is gradually converting all forward looking men. In place of original sin and the devil we see our faults and failings as the result of a faulty inheritance, poor health, vicious training, and a host of accidents. We shift the blame from ourselves and place it upon past generations, climate, bad cooks, hidebound teachers, and the machines and factories which help to expose our natural frailty. Professor Pitkin's way of doing this is to forgive Satan and load our troubles onto a poor, dumb beast called Stupidity, whom he also personifies as a silly, one-eyed Cyclops. In doing this he has not done anything so strikingly new as he supposes. He has merely given us a modern version of Jeremiah—full of facts as to how stupid mankind really is, and how many diverse factors combine to produce this stupidity.

Professor Pitkin closely followed the leading of his age and generation. He has couched his book in a semi-humorous and often very engaging style. In typical journalistic fashion he has thrown together a vast mass of material which would have been improved by careful sifting. His "pamphlet," as he jokingly calls it toward the end, forms a bulky volume of 540 pages, and he tells us that more than half as much again was cut out of the manuscript. His journalistic methods have led to two major errors: a great many conclusions are stated as if they were facts instead of hypotheses, and contradictions occur occasionally. The thoroughly "up-to-date" character of this work is still more evident in the way in which the author has steeped himself body and soul in the present spirit of depression If he had written in 1928 instead of 1929 he would probably have written "A Short Introduction to Human Progress" instead of "A Short Introduction to Human Stupidity." Yet through it all he has kept his good temper and his optimisim.

The qualities mentioned above must not blind us to the vital importance of the general line of argument laid down by Professor Pitkin. His general thesis is thoroughly sound, and many sections, such as the one on "words," rise to a high level in both literary style and scientific content. Here is the gist of the argument. The great Gautama, founder of Buddhism, classified all sins under three cardinal types: sensuality, or undue personal desires; ill will, which leads to strife; and lastly, stupidity. Pitkin holds that stupidity is the worst of the three. "Just as general intelligence," he says, "is the ability to cope successfully with new situations, so general stupidity is an inability to do so; and special stupidities are often (if not always) some special inability of this same order." Starting with this proposition he successfully sets before us the various causes of stupidity. Like a true modern he begins with the cycles of nature as studied last summer by a conference of biologists and climatologists at Matamek in Canada. But he quickly harks back to the ice-ages which came and went in man's first half million years. They ruthlessly annihilated all who had not "the hide of a rhinoceros, the stomach of a hog, and the endurance of a water buffalo. . . . In a word, (man) was enormously insensitive to a thousand and one stimuli which are too much for you and me." Thus began his stupidity, for "those very powers of resistance which pulled our ancestors through the bitter half million years contributed much to the dulness and general slow wit of the race. Yesterday's virtue has become today's evil."

In the Neolithic Age about 15,000 years ago some brighter people happened to appear upon the scene. They began a process which has gone on with increasing vigor until today we stand in the most precarious position that mankind has ever occupied. Those Neolithic people began changing man's entire environment faster than stupid man could adjust himself to the changes. Thus as a central theme we have man's innate stupidity (which seems to be philosophically almost the same as original sin), and the brilliancy of a few unstable people who make inventions and thereby upset the old balance. Down through the ages man has been made more stupid by heat and extreme dampness until tropical countries have lagged far behind the rest. He has been stupefied by bad food and especially by too little of it. The mere task of getting a living has proved so wearisome that his brain has had no chance. Disease has increased his stupidity. He has drugged himself with alcohol, nicotine, and other poisons. On an average each adult American during the course of a year keeps himself stupefied 108 hours each year from dope, 64 hours from spirituous liquor, and 106 hours from beer and lesser malts. "For another 297 hours per year, nicotine induces a milder stupidity, just enough to cause a man to be outwitted in a delicately calculated business deal, or just enough to make a young lady seem dull and uninteresting, hence undesirable."

This rash use of debatable figures and this semi-comic twist of the argument are highly characteristic of Professor Pitkin. They make the book interesting, and they also make the thoughtful reader want to answer back, which is just what the author intended. The desire to answer back becomes still stronger when one reads of how migration and the Irish potato have caused the rural Irish of Ireland to remain in the Dark Ages even today, while stupidity due to other causes has made Spain the epitome of backwardness. Is the author right in saying that stupidity due in part to age made Kitchener and Wilson two of the world's worst blunderers in high places? And how about the growing stupidity of Napoleon when he still retained his physical power, but had declined mentally so that he did not see the full meaning of his campaign against Moscow? The thing that conquered him there was the weather, that same weather which makes the Russian peasants stupid by encouraging them to sleep twenty hours a day when there is no work to be done during the winter.

Turning to psychological, as distinguished from physical, causes of stupidity we are confronted by the fact that having eyes we see not and having ears we hear not. As we grow older we observe less and less. Worse still is the fact that having observed we do not analyze, and then integrate our analysis into action. The Negro is often an outstanding example of this. He knows that he will need food next week, yet he stops work as soon as he gets enough money to pay for food today. Goethe, we are told, stands nearest to the opposite pole, with Leonardo da Vinci some distance behind. The rest of us, "relative to our world are all half wits. To do anything well, we must do only one thing at a time—but the world goes on doing a trillion things." The task of knowing what these things are and thus of planning wisely for the conduct of not only our own affairs, but of the affairs of the world as a whole grows harder and harder. In the first place, who can know what is happening all over the world, and if we knew who could put together a thousand or ten thousand items from hither and yon and know what line of conduct they indicate as best? This is the burden of the whole book, with page after page of clever proof.

What shall we do about it? Here our author falls back upon interesting pipe dreams of Utopia and of machines that will do our brain work. His whole argument leads to one inevitable conclusion, but he balks at it. Education, religion, political organization, hygiene, and economic and social ameliorations have all been tried as means of raising man out of his stupidity. They have accomplished great things, but they have not been able to keep pace with the increased complexity of life in the machine age which has been introduced by science. Hence today we are in a worse quandary than ever. Our need of keen observation, accurate analysis, and effective integration and action is greater than ever before, but our ability has not increased accordingly. In fact, we are not sure that it is increasing at all. The only great untried means of improving mankind is eugenics. He has confused eugenics with related matters, such as sterilization and birth control, and even as to these he is inconsistent. Nevertheless, the author's dreams of the future indicate his conviction that positive eugenics is the one hopeful method which has as yet been untried. He dreams of isolating the best ten per cent of Americans, British, and Germans, we being much inferior to the others, and thus producing a new racial type. He does not seem to realize that this is what happened to the Icelanders and Parsees. In each of these cases it produced a group which for a thousand years or more has stood extraordinarily high in comparison with its environment and opportunities. The thoughtful eugenist does not advocate any such crude method as the culling and isolation of the people who appear to be of the most value to society as a whole. When truly understood, the main aim of eugenics is to change the balance in the birth rate. Today the scales are weighted in such a way that the percentage of children who are stupid in the sense used by Pitkin is very high. They owe their stupidity partly to biological inheritance and partly to poor training in the homes where they are born. Eugenics strives first to discover what kinds of marriages will avoid this difficulty and produce children who will be well adjusted. Many a family is ruined because both parents have the same weaknesses. If each parent had married some one no better than the present mate but with a different set of weaknesses, the children of both families would be the gainers. If they are well adjusted, they should have larger families than the poorly adjusted. Perhaps Professor Pitkin realizes this, but he does not appear to do so. Yet in spite of his failure to follow his own premises to this logical and inevitable conclusion, Professor Pitkin's book arouses a kind of mental activity which cannot fail to be of great value.

A MUSEUM OF HUMAN STUPIDITY.
RECAPTIONED FROM "ON MY WAY," BY ART YOUNG (LIVERIGHT).

A Patriotic American

(*Continued from page* 645)

the Interior. There were some, like Henry Adams, who assailed Schurz bitterly at that time and declared that he had "gotten his price" when he entered the Cabinet. But such as these in later years surely revised their harsh judgments when Schurz gave example after example of selflessness in taking unpopular positions. Henry Adams must have been of these, for he and Schurz were in later years the warmest of friends, Schurz often spending three and four days at a time as a visitor in Adams's house in Washington. These critics must later have admitted, for example, that had Schurz been a mere office-seeker he could beyond question have obtained the mission to Berlin in 1885 or 1893 from Grover Cleveland, for the latter was under tremendous obligation to Schurz. There are still those who, as Professor Fuess points out, believe that Schurz's eloquence and his great personal influence in 1884 carried New York State and the election for Cleveland.

Professor Fuess deals better with the more familiar charges against Schurz—that he was a confirmed pessimist, who could look only upon the dark side of things, and a perpetual fault-finder. These charges were inevitable given Schurz's character, temperament, and political philosophy. They are the same charges which are today levelled at any critical editor or independent legislator who sees many evils and does his best to call attention to them and to reform them, save that in Schurz's case one does not run across the charge of being only destructive which is usually levelled against the political critics of today. This latter is quite understandable if only because Schurz during his brilliant service as Secretary of the Interior teemed with constructive ideas, which led to vast improvement in our treatment of the Indians, the beginning of our wonderful system of national parks, and the conservation of natural resources, to cite only a few. As for his alleged pessimism, men who never came into his radiant presence could not realize how happy this man was, or that the number of his criticisms was the exact measure of his patriotic devotion to the land of his adoption. He loved the United States so dearly and with such gratitude for what it had done for him, that he felt it a supreme duty to do his uttermost to keep it on the right road, to make it worthy of its superb traditions, its noble political philosophy, and its mission in the world. A nagging critic, people might call him, but they could never stigmatize him as recreant to democracy. Probably a critic of this type does fail to praise as often as he might and to dwell adequately upon the Republic's successes. But he is surrounded by so many professional optimists, so many who encourage social and political evils by their ever-ready excuses, their self-satisfied pointing to other countries which have not progressed so far, that a critic like Schurz feels that he must devote every ounce of his strength to denouncing wrongs which the compromisers and the selfishly content encourage and abet by their very indifference.

Schurz's philosophy may best be summed up by his own modification of Decatur's vicious "My Country, Right or Wrong" to "My Country, Right or Wrong: if Right, to be kept Right; if wrong, to be set right." Hence also his belief that his talents and experience in two worlds placed upon him the duty of speaking out. He was, if you please, the "Great Admonisher," the "Great Chastiser," but he was also a selfless, a wise, and far-sighted Elder Statesman, whom any country should be proud to listen to and to honor. Professor Fuess rightly stresses the dreadful waste there was in allowing Schurz to spend so many years in private life, saying: "He should have been a Senator in perpetuity—if not from Missouri, from Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York," because he was "one of the most intelligent of legislators, one of the most brilliant of debaters, and one of the most high-minded of Americans." But the defects of our political system and boss control of candidacies rendered this impos-

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sible. Schurz was for years the best fitted man in New York to represent the Empire State at Washington. He was as effectively barred from doing so as if he lived in Samoa by the simple fact that he could not demean himself into taking a Senate seat—or purchasing it—from a Richard Croker, or Charley Murphy, or a Thomas C. Platt. Instead, he lived as a private citizen the simple, intellectual life he craved. Somehow or other, although he did not succeed as a business man, there were always the means available for him to live that life, to enjoy the nature he adored, to revel in the beauty of lake and forests, and meadows and hills, of his beloved Lake George. In these settings, free from all ambition, he could be singularly detached and independent, and as such he proffered his advice to his countrymen. As editor of *Harper's Weekly*, or as Elder Statesman, he gave it freely whether it was desired or not. In this connection it is worth noting that Schurz, like most of the men of his time and type, never discovered the labor problem, and did not perceive the numerous signs of the coming class struggle. It is to his credit that he never failed to speak out for free trade.

Professor Fuess has given an accurate and worthy picture of Schurz the man, but not an inspired one. Unfortunately, there are only a handful left of those who knew him intimately—not a single member of his immediate family survives, not a scion to keep alive the name and tradition—and perhaps only those who personally felt the spell of the man and knew him in all his moods and charm could draw such a portrait. Schurz had rare bonhommie, breadth of knowledge, of human beings, and sympathetic understanding of others. One must have known his warm heart to be able to evaluate it fully, as well as his invincible humor, his usual gayety of spirit, his gifted musicianship, all coupled with his high idealism and the romantic German strain that lay deep within him. He was a romanticist, of course. Had he not himself lived as romantic and daring a youth and early manhood as any hero of the screen? Then it was not merely his oratory which shook and moved and convinced people, masterly though that was with its logic, and its frequent irony which one often wished he would use more frequently, whereas he himself was afraid to use it often lest it run away with him. It was his own brave personality that carried such weight, the way in which he bore himself, the startling sincerity and honesty of voice and manner, his rugged devotion to principle, his readiness to do what he considered right at any cost to himself—qualities never often found in public life and never so scarce as today.

Schurz's schooling on the Rhine never kept him from an extraordinary mastery of clear and beautiful English, of a standard rarely attained. It was Charles A. Dana—no mean judge—who remarked to him in 1864: "General Schurz, you speak English with greater purity and precision than any man I have ever known." I venture to say that there is not a single man in public life today with a style and expression to compare with Schurz's. Certainly there is no one who could write as fine and scholarly a biography as Schurz's "Life of Henry Clay." Indeed, Schurz's writings are as far above the ignorant, illiterate, ungrammatical, and soulless outpourings of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, as the Alps tower above a mound. If Schurz also always wrote at length—it was a tradition in the old New York *Evening Post* office even when I came into it in 1897, that Schurz, when its editor, "could not turn around under a column," —and spoke still longer, that was due to several causes. Long speeches were the mode when he came into our public life; once he held a Cooper Union audience spellbound for three hours.

Again, if his sentences were sometimes turgid and the argument over-elaborated, that was because his powers of deadly analysis, and logical reasoning, and the rich stores of his mind made it easy for him to demolish his adversary's every contention. When Schurz finished one of his great orations you felt that there was nothing further to be said. He would undoubtedly have been a better editor and more effective in his public letters, if he could have been conciser. At least, however, he kept himself free from the stilted oratory, the bombast, the wealth of needless classical allusions, and the superlatives which distinguished the oratory of the eighteen-forties and 'fifties. Best of all, he always meant what he said. He was correct when, in replying to Senator Morton, he said: "I want him to point out in my record a single principle that I have ever betrayed. I want him to show that in the platforms of policy I have favored a single contradiction. He will not find one. He has never left his party. I have never betrayed my principles. That is the difference between him and me." Finally Professor Fuess points out that, despite

CARL SCHURZ.

the length of his utterances, Schurz had great facility in expression and quickness of wit. He loved to be interrupted in debate, but the vigor, sarcasm, and humor of his retorts made interruptions few. It was too dangerous a pastime. Here it must be noted that Professor Fuess contradicts himself at several points about Schurz's humor, saying at some places that he is without humor, just as on the same page he declares that Schurz was difficult to work with, and then that he was a tower of strength in Hayes's Cabinet.

Furthermore, Schurz developed an uncanny ability to look into the future. Well before the Spanish War I heard him prophesy on a beautiful summer afternoon, when such things seemed as remote as the stars, that the United States would build a great navy to rival England and would lurch into a career of imperialism —the Venezuela episode had shown him how easy it is for the Executive to rouse the passions of the people and to bring the country to the brink of war. Fortunately he did not live to see the World War. He would, of course, have opposed the German advance into Belgium and sided with the Allies. But to visualize his approving our going into the war is to do violence to all his beliefs and teachings and that hatred of war itself which grew with each year of his life. Like so many other veterans of the Civil War, he wanted no more at any price. There was nothing of the spirit of the American Legion in him. He never used his military title or wore the uniform he was by law entitled to put on. Indeed, he often told with disgust of his going to Washington to try to reason with Theodore Roosevelt against our making war upon Spain and of Roosevelt's saying: "Well, General, your generation had its war and we propose to have ours"—a remark which alone made it impossible for Schurz to support Roosevelt for the Presidency on the ground that he was too bellicose, too impulsive, and too imperialistic.

As for Schurz, the soldier, Professor Fuess has handled extremely well this difficult phase of the General's career. It would be unthinkable today to appoint to the command of a fighting brigade a man whose military experience had been limited to a few weeks' service as a lieutenant in a very brief revolution. But, unlike many other generals, similarly inexperienced, Schurz had made some study of military tactics, and he took his responsibility seriously and worked very hard, with the result that, on the occasion of one review of the Army of the Potomac by Lincoln, Schurz's troops were pronounced the best drilled and best appearing in the entire army. As a general he had, however, one unfortunate experience after the other, at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and elsewhere. Official inquiry invariably sustained Schurz, but even today historians mistakenly put blame upon the German-American troops and accuse them, as at Chancellorsville, of the responsibility for the errors of Schurz's superior, in this case, Oliver O. Howard. It is significant that throughout his whole career Schurz had the respect and warm friendship of Sherman, Miles, the McCooks, Meade, Barlow, Webb, and many other sterling fighting soldiers, who never could have remained on such terms with him had he been an incompetent political soldier. One thing no one ever questioned —Schurz's personal courage. He exposed himself freely and was never hit. He himself testified that he never once knew, not even in his first battle, what fear meant. His only weaknesses as a soldier were first his writing of letters from the army (at Lincoln's request) to the President, criticizing his superiors, the conduct of the army, and once taking the President himself to task in an inexcusable manner. This letter was the greatest blunder of his career. It returned to plague him all his life, although it, fortunately, did not cost him Lincoln's friendship. His second mistake, also encouraged by Lincoln, was his leaving the army at times to make political speeches—notably in Lincoln's second election campaign. This naturally tended to stamp him as a political general in the eyes of the country.

As a whole, Professor Fuess's picture of Schurz portrays him as a more restless, more impatient, and more daring thinker than is usually the case. Undoubtedly he had some of the restlessness of great talent inadequately employed. But as a characterization of the man's entire life, the word restlessness is out of place. On the other hand, Professor Fuess's is the best narrative of Schurz's senatorial and cabinet career that we have. It has not been possible for him to throw new light upon Schurz, for there remain only one or two mysteries in his life to be solved, and but a small part of his known correspondence to be studied, digested, and, perhaps, to be published. How Schurz made his living in the early years of his residence here, especially the first two, when he was learning English, no one has yet been able to explain. The only serious omission in Professor Fuess's book seems to be his failure to mention the *McClure's* article written by Schurz in his later years reviewing in the perspective of thirty years his famous 1865 report to President Johnson on the conditions in the recently conquered States. This report should never be read now save in connection with the *McClure's* article. His final conclusion, that there was no way of solving the immediate Reconstruction problems without errors, without doing injustice to one of the three groups involved, is of large importance which might well have been carefully pondered by some of the recent writers and biographers who have dealt with the "Tragic Era." Professor Fuess's own harsh comment on the report to Johnson that Schurz was "more philanthropic than wise" does not seem justified to this reviewer.

Finally, it is interesting to note how, as his life lengthened, Schurz's devotion to principle and increasing refusal to accept the lesser of two evils led him to ally himself with ever decreasing minorities. Thus, in 1898, he lent the weight of his name and fame to the small independent movement which opposed Theodore Roosevelt's candidacy for the Governorship of New York after the Colonel had broken his word given to a group of Independents to accept a third party, anti-boss nomination. Platt having refused to give him the Republican nomination unless he threw over the Independents, this brave anti-boss candidate did so. The Independents went ahead and Schurz joined them. Had they polled only 9,000 more Republican votes, the political career of Roosevelt would have been checked right there—he won by only 18,000 despite all the war hullabaloo and the myth of San Juan Hill. Other instances could be cited of Schurz's willingness to be counted with the few. His readiness to "plow the lonely furrow" grew with his age, whereas most septuagenerians cling to their firesides and shirk taking a radical and unpopular stand. Perhaps that is the most inspiring lesson of his life, and the example from it most needed today. In any event, the fact is that Professor Fuess has done a most worthwhile service in making easily available the story of one of the ablest, most gallant, most unselfish, and high-minded American patriots—surpassed by none in his idealism.

Oswald Garrison Villard, owner and editor of the Nation, *and formerly editorial writer of the New York* Evening Post, *was a personal friend of Carl Schurz.*

A Sturdy Individualist

LUSTY SCRIPPS: The Life of E. W. Scripps. (1854-1926). By GILSON GARDNER. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. McD. PUCKETTE

HERE is a biography which E. W. would have liked. That is one way of saying that Scripps who created and directed many newspapers was an unusual man. For this is an authorized record printed not long after his life ended, and yet it leaves nothing for biographical muckrakers in generations to come. All that was ugly and wrong in E. W.'s career is printed along with the story of his remarkable success. No excuses are made, and the facts of his adventures with women and his truly amazing capacity for drinking whisky until it nearly killed him, are presented in fair proportion to their importance in his life.

The style is even as Scripps would have wished it, plain and direct in narrative. Only one criticism can be offered;

E. W. SCRIPPS.

Scripps's own words are not quoted. E. W. was given to writing disquisitions, and his written directions to his editors and business managers whom he managed at long distance are understood to have been documents of great interest. We miss those letters.

It is the fashion among many journalists to look down upon the "Scripps formula" for newspapers, of which there are today twenty-four in the Scripps-Howard group, most of them begun on a shoestring. Scripps's own philosophy was in effect "God damn the rich and God help the poor." The Scripps formula makes its appeal most successfully among an industrial class. There is little old-fashioned journalistic dignity or distinction in the formula. Yet there is a point of view on national affairs and issues, a militant liberalism which, when the history of the times comes to be written, may be found in retrospect to have been a truer report of the mind and soul of a democratic people than that rendered by conservative journalism. Immediately upon the end of the war, for instance, Scripps took up the cause of the release of conscientious objectors and political prisoners. The Scripps papers, right or wrong, are courageous, ever ready to take up a fight of any size in the public interest. They pasture no sacred cows—not even the pri-

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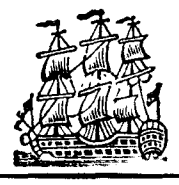
vate affairs of E. W. Scripps, the owner, with women were omitted from the news. He ordered them printed. The spirit which animated the Scripps newspapers was that of E. W. whom this book faithfully portrays.

He obeyed no copybook rule of success. He worked hard only at thinking. Early in life he laid down his principle "Don't get the hired man habit." He got others to work for him. Steffens also described him: "rough, almost ruthless force, but restrained by clear, even shrewd insight: an executive, capable of fierce action, restrained by the observation that a doer must not do too many things himself, but use his will to make others do them." He belittled a college education, liked to find some obscure employee, put him in charge of a new and struggling paper, and drive him to success. Scripps was not a comfortable person to work for or be near. His individualism was exceedingly strong, and his "strength he took care to keep from becoming refined."

A multi-millionaire in middle life, Scripps avoided other rich men because he feared he might begin to think as they did. He developed his theory of long distance management and made it work. He was not a socialist or a single-taxer and would not even read controversial economic writings; he did not wish a theory to dominate his thinking. Like Pulitzer he spent his last years aboard his yacht, and he died at sea off the western African coast. Scripps was a courageous, if crude, personality. His influence upon newspaper publishing, if not upon journalism in its more formal and literary aspects, was considerable, both because of his extensive and successful string of newspapers and of the United Press which he organized and controlled. It is popular to say that he mechanized newspaper making; his business achievements were great; but Scripps, the friend of the common people, the liberal, the amazing individualist, is the figure which emerges from this truthful story of his life.



A Conversation

By HUMBERT WOLFE

THIGH-BONE said to breast-bone:
"How fares it, dead,
now heart's soft hammer
is silenced?

How fares it, brother,
when the only sound
is slow roots thrusting
into the ground?"

Breast-bone said to thigh-bone:
"How fares it, friend,
with no errands to run,
no knee to bend?

How fares it ghost, now
the only stir
is of quiet becoming
quieter?"

Thigh-bone and breast-bone
said to skull:
"What of dead Plato
and the Greek trull?

How fares it, emblem
of death, set free
from wisdom and lust's
infirmity?"

"Not even God," said skull
"can damn
our cold essential
epigram.

You are the sceptre,
I the orb
at Pampeluna and
at Vallorbes:

The implicit horn,
the frozen summons
to Mont Blancs taller,
stranger Lemans.

And while old Pluto
with hellebore
tricks Plato the dolt and
Helen the whore,

we, beyond touch of
both these fevers,
lie in the garden between
the four rivers."

The Bowling Green

Human Being

XIV. THE RAILWAY GUIDE

ANOTHER book which he used to see lying in the office also caught Richard's fancy. It was a thick paper-bound volume (known as "Bullinger) consulted by the boys before going off on their travels, and when one day Richard picked it up he found it more to his taste than most fiction. It was called *The Official Guide of the Railways and Steam Navigation Lines of the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba.* It was filled with time-tables and the rather violently simplified maps of railroad companies, in which the route of the company under consideration is shown as strong and direct as possible while all the others are very spider-web. In odd moments Richard would pore over this massive concordance and gathered much miscellaneous information. The names of the famous limited trains sounded to him like bugle calls in the distance.

What a fascinating book it is. The old copy that first enthralled Roe is long since vanished, but Hubbard stopped in at Brentano's to buy a new one—over 1,600 pages of strong American romance for $2.00. His patriotism was a little startled to find some advertisements of English railways in the forefront of the work, calmly announcing themselves as *The Fastest Train Service in the World.*

It was the smaller railroads of the Middle West or South that seemed like fairy tales to Richard. The Detroit, Toledo and Ironton: you leave Detroit at 8.15 A. M. and arrive in Ironton 7.05 P. M. (just in time for dinner, he reflected)—no passenger trains on Sundays. Or the Green Bay and Western: you would rise very early, in that bright Wisconsin air, and have coffee and fried ham. The train leaves at 6.50: how clear the birch trees would stand round Lake Winnebago. And after passing through Scandinavia, Plover, Independence, Arcadia, you would be in Winona (213.9 miles) at 2.50 P. M. Or maybe take the branch line up to Sturgeon Bay; even more thrilling, see the dotted line across Lake Michigan, the "car ferry" (magic sound) to Ludington. And that would lead on toward White Cloud, Owosso, Saginaw, Ann Arbor. Names read in newspapers or seen in the office files or overheard in salesmen's talk, suddenly became real.

The Railway Guide became Richard's Outline of History, his Story of Philosophy. There was the Toledo, Peoria and Western ("The Peoria Road") which doesn't seem to go near Toledo at all on its own rails, but begins at Effner, Indiana. He found himself in imagination on a Mixed Train ("passenger service connections uncertain") passing a long night on the way to Keokuk. Number 3 leaves Effner at 8.30 P. M. It arrives Peoria Yard at 5.20 A. M. There must be a chance for coffee and sinkers at Peoria Yard? And he would go out on Number 103 (good old Number 103!) at 7.45, arrive at Keokuk 2.30 P. M.—"Is there a bookstore in Keokuk?" he would ask Miss Mac.

There were greater names too. Denver and Rio Grande; the Monon Route, more formally listed as the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville. That would take you through French Lick, on the *Tippecanoe* or the *Hoosier* or the *Daylight Limited* ("observation library car"). The Norfolk and Western offers the *Pocahontas* and the *Cavalier. Pocahontas* leaves Norfolk at 1.20 P. M. and gets you to Cincinnati at 7.55 the next morning—and from the window you see Roanoke, Blue Ridge, Lynchburg, Appomattox, Disputanta. Perhaps you're on the Pocahontas, Goodwill & Wenonah branch: if so, "stops to take revenue passengers, and to leave passengers from Hagerstown and Shenandoah Junction." Surely you are a better American for brooding on these names.

The Nickel Plate—that was a road he often heard Herman Schmaltz mention with casual familiarity. Herman, he figured out, would be leaving Fostoria at 11.35 A. M. (Eastern time) and proceeding via Arcadia (you'd be surprised how many Arcadias there are), Findley, Lima (Central Time here), Coldwater, Fort Recovery, Muncie. Probably he would stop over at Muncie, before going on to Montmorenci, Otterbein, Oxford, Boswell, East Lynn, Arrowsmith, Bloomington.

The Pere Marquette, another name to start one off reading history. Another early start: leave Port Huron 6 A. M., and through Teddo, Palms, Harbor Beach, Tyre, Bad Axe, to Pointe aux Barques. Doesn't the name Bad Axe give a vivid picture of some old lumberman's disgust. now memorized forever?

The Southern time tables were rich in suggestion: he saved up many questions to ask George Work when the latter returned from his "territory." Consider the minor twigs of the Chesapeake and Ohio company: the Hawk's Nest branch, Horse Creek branch, Loup Creek and White Oak branch, Piney River and Paint Creek branch. Or, on the luxurious side, here is *The Sportsman* to Old Point Comfort ("observation lounge, radio equipped"—that of course is of later era) and *The F. F. V.* to White Sulphur Springs ("imperial salon cars"). The subsidiaries of the Southern Railway: the Asheville and Craggy Mountain, the State University Railroad. The *Crescent Limited* to New Orleans ("women's lounge, shower bath, maid and manicure service, movable chairs, magazines, writing desk"); the *Ponce de Leon* to Florida. Names on the map—Manassas, Brandy, Culpeper, Rapidan, Charlottesville, Sweetbriar, Winesap, Alta Vista.—The steamers on the Chesapeake—"leave Baltimore on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for York River Landings—The Old Bay Line: Table d'hote dinner $1.25—dining room in gallery, upper deck forward." The Mobile and Ohio. Seaboard Air Line (the *Orange Blossom Special.*) The little Maryland and Pennsylvania Railroad, from Baltimore to York, Pa., 77 miles in 4¼ hours. The Aberdeen and Rockfish in North Ca'lina—leave Aberdeen 8.35 A. M., arrive Fayetteville (45 miles) 10.50. The Mauch Chunk Switchback Railway, "cable and gravity road to Mount Pisgah: distance of circuit 18 miles. The oldest railroad in the U. S." —The Cairo, Truman and Southern, "in operation for Freight and Passenger Service from Weona Junction, Ark., to Weona, Ark. (3.83 miles)." This good little outfit was evidently a family affair. President, J. H. Tschudy. First Vice President, Jay Tschudy. Second Vice President, E. W. Tschudy. Third Vice President, Philip Tschudy. Treasurer and General Manager, R. H. Tschudy. Secretary and Traffic Manager, Fred Tschudy.

Bigger game by contrast:—The Atlantic Coast Line with its *Florida Special, Palmetto Limited, The Tar Heel* (New York to Wilmington, N. C.), *The Flamingo, The Dixie Flyer* (to Jacksonville). Illinois Central: *The Creole* and *The Chickasaw.* The M. K. T., always known as The Katy, proud of *The Blue Bonnet, The Texas Special, The Katy Limited.* "There is no pleasanter courtesy," said The Katy, "than to be invited into the diner for afternoon tea and to have the steward suggest and provide chess, checkers or dominoes for games."—Richard thought with renewed admiration of these giants of the traveling leagues who had shared such transcontinental amenities.

There is no end to the lure of these names. You see the little flags fluttering, smoke pouring from squat racing funnels, the flicker of their roaring wheels, their tail-lights on a midnight curve. *The Sooner, The Alamo Special, The Lone Star.* St. Louis Southwestern proclaims *The Blue Streak*, "America's Fastest Freight Train." Chicago and Northwestern is perhaps as poetic as any in its christenings: *The Corn King Limited* (with "Solarium Sleeping Car") *The Mountain Bluebird, The Columbine, the Gold Coast Limited,* the *Portland Rose,* the *Nightingale,* the *Viking,* the *Badger State Express.* From the "Solarium Sleeping Car" greet Pocatello, Minidoka, Boise, Pendleton, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle. Or the Union Pacific: The *Oregon Trail Express,* the *Yellowstone Express,* the *Pony Express,* the *Owl* ("sleepers parked in Seattle for occupancy until 8 A. M.") The Southern Pacific and its proud *Sunset Limited* and *Argonaut,* on which "charity, D. V. S., employe, live stock contract, banana messenger and circus scrip tickets will be honored in coaches only." *The Sunbeam, The Lark, The Apache.* And here he imagined ventures into Mexico. Leave El Paso 11.15 A. M., and by way of Ciudad Juarez, Montezuma, Chihuahua, Jimenez, Torreon, Aguascalientes, Queretaro, reach Mexico City 10 A. M., two days later.

The Santa Fe, with its Fred Harvey Dining Car Service—how Sam Erskine, who used to "make the Coast," spoke of those royal meals. *The Chief, The Navajo, The Missionary.* "Because of late hour of arrival at the Petrified Forest Detour, trains 23 and 24 temporarily discontinued." "Frequently the Grand Canyon Limiteds are stopped at dining stations for the evening meal, offering patrons choice of dining aboard the train or at one of our artistic station-hotels." "Hollywood Stars and the Stars in every Profession and Business go Santa Fe and ride *The Chief.*"

Alternative temptation, to go Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul—America's Longest Electrified Railroad. *The Olympian,* "the first transcontinental roller-bearing train." *The Pioneer* (Chicago to Minneapolis). *The Sioux. The Tomahawk.* Or the C. B. and Q., *The Aristocrat, The American Royal, The Overland Express.* The Great Northern: *The Empire Builder,* "saves a Business Day between Chicago and Puget Sound." The Canadian Pacific: *The Dominion,* the *Kootenay Express, Soo Express, The Red Wing,* the *Alouette,* the *Royal York.*

Wasn't there once something in Homer known as the Catalogue of Ships? Was it any more thrilling than this muster of trains and stations? Sometimes, studying the Railway Guide, you find yourself a long way from Fifth Avenue. Perhaps aboard the Alaska Railroad (run by the Department of the Interior) whose little chart marks coal and gold fields and Big Game District. Or it may be the Norfolk and Mobjack Bay Steamboat Company; or the Pensacola, St. Andrews and Gulf steamers, where the *Tarpon,* 450 tons "connects with all steamers on the Choctawhatchee and Blackwater Rivers." Perhaps it's the Hudson River Day Line, palatial steel steamers *Chauncey M. Depew,* etc.; or, if you're shipping freight, what about "The Poker Fleet, steamers *Ace, King, Queen, Jack,* and *Ten,*" freight service between Buffalo, Detroit, and Duluth." There's the Passamaquoddy Ferry and Navigation Co., of Lubec, Maine; and the Grace Line to Valparaiso, Antofagasta, Tocopilla, Iquique, Cerro Azul, Callao, Guayaquil, Esmeraldas, Buenaventura, Balboa. Queer we make so much of the romance of Europe and forget there's plenty in the Two Americas. What of the Compania Ferrocarril Mexicano del Norte, the Ferrocarriles Unidos de Yucatan (see the ruins at Uxmal), the Toluca & San Juan Railroad (narrow gauge), the map and timetables of the Ferrocarriles Nacionales de Mexico: standard gauge, 6,860 miles; narrow gauge, 1,512 miles. (Traffic suspended between Cadena and Dinamita, also between Guadalupe and Ojo Caliente. Wish we knew why.)

The Railway Guide, perhaps even more than the Erskine Atlas, made the curved and steel netted surface of the earth actual to Richard. When Miss Mac saw him poring over these timetables she knew he was a Born Salesman.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(To be continued)

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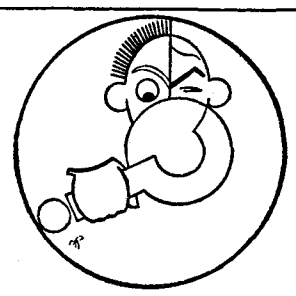

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TWO NEW WOMEN POETS

THE Macmillan Company has issued recently two volumes of poems by women who are both new writers to me. In *Kindred* Abbie Findlay Potts writes a sort of autobiographical and social epic. In *Without Sanctuary* Mary Britton Miller sets poems without titles together in different groups. Her opening poem appeared recently on the first page of this periodical. She is distinctly a mystic. Being a narrative poet, the first-named writer may appeal to a larger audience than the latter. She celebrates a deeply-rooted American past. Of her forebears she tells us that the Findlays were the Dreamers, the Pottses, the Scholars, the Wilsons and Van de Poels, the Doers. Scotch and Dutch ancestors have provided her with her material. The book is dedicated "To My Father and Mother and to Their Fathers and Mothers and to Theirs." Though the long poem is divided into a series of poems it should be read as a whole. Let us consider it first and then turn to Miss Miller's book.

KINDRED

The first section of the poem concerns the thwarted Findlays, Scotch weavers with a desire also for the open sea, some of them wanderers and runners on death. The author's method in this section is to intersperse her blank-verse description with italicized, irregular, lyrical rhythms in rhyme. A great-grandfather, a little grandmother, several uncles, and other relatives of this branch of the family are mused upon, and at the end of the section she addresses the Pottses who form the next generation:

Now You, you scholars, save the thing you are,
And always spare you near to spend you far.
You grow to be the very thing you save Or crave.
But when with us you dare to wed,
Your ample, cautious days are fled. And We—
We are no longer free.

This desire for freedom, even the freedom of death, was a deeply ingrained characteristic of the Findlays. The ancestor, John, on the other side, born in Dumfries, was, it seems, a great lover of Burns and a canny dealer in tea. His piety is well avouched in this stanza:

We hobbled stiffly when from sin we rose;
But he stood up on resurrected toes,
Walking the uneven planks with buoyant tread,
Up, up the rickety old stairs to bed.

SCOTCH AND DUTCH FOREBEARS

This man was also a poet and his forebears had kept an inn in Dumfriesshire "Where Burns, and others of the jolly kin, Made Caledonian mirth." The author's father, descended from these, was a teetotaler though a great man for a jest. The poet ruminates that the Potts side of the family," pedants, preachers, poets, too, Would edit life completely out of view, Or trim it up so stiff in word or date It loses all its power to titillate," she herself inclining to the Burnsian point of view that "The man's a man for a' that." A lyric on "The Lord's Book" contains this pertinent and beautiful stanza:

The daisies bloom near Ruthwell Cross,
And whose the gain if ours the loss?
Near Ruthwell Cross the daisies blow;
To keep the cross—
Oh, bitter loss!—
You let the lark and daisies go.

The intrusion of the name and significance of one, Nancy Turner, here occurs interestingly, and the description of a forebear who was most truly Saturday's child. There are good things in this section, but it seems too fragmentary, and to withhold too much concerning the family from the reader. It contains wise musings but one is not able to form a clear picture of the Pottses. Naturally the Wilsons and the Van der Poels form the last two sections of the book. The blank verse that became rhymed in the second section has now become free verse. The variety of the poet's length of line rather than avoiding monotony, seems to me to be too great for easy reading. Verbosity is also present.

CREDIT AND DEBIT

The Wilsons were men of the quarry and the mill. Descendants "Were rivermen, and knew the Hudson, every shoal and tide from Albany to New York Bay." Here the poet introduces a most charming description of her childhood at West Lebanon. Two poems descriptive of the ancestress "Belinda" who had one blue and one black eye, as the legend went, "And one was false, and one was true" are also attractive. Again, the poem on the name of "Ira," in the family Bible, stands excellently by itself. Finally, this section, in spite of some stodgy passages, is more interesting to me than the preceding. Some pretty undistinguished verse is in the last section, and the poet's handling of the metre of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" is quite uninspired. Nor is the jingling metre of "The Smithy," celebrating the passing of Robert Fulton's *The Clermont*, successful. "Abigail Everett" and "Richard's Letter" are, however, pleasing portraits.

The final impression that "Kindred" leaves upon one is of a splendid idea unsuccessfully carried out, and the reason for this lies in the nature of the verse itself. Too often it is prosy, padded, uninspired. It is not sufficient to tell a good story; if the story is couched in verse one expects an unusual compactness and an unusual feeling for language. As I have indicated, there are good things in the volume, and the whole is an interesting experiment. Life is in it because of vivid autobiographical memories; but though the author is certainly not unadept at versification her poem is too infrequently informed by that quality of writing that makes mere verse poetry.

MYSTICAL VERSE

"Without Sanctuary" is an entirely dissimilar book of lyrics. The opening poem has great charm. One of the best poems in this first group is the following:

What is a culture but a cage
Into which men have tried to fit
The human heart in every age?
How crafty was the Jesuit,
And what a subtle web he spun
To make the church a perfect home
For people of the middle age;
To-day the unwise prophets try
To herd us all beneath its dome,
As though to give the butterfly
A chrysalis too small for it,
Or to the unborn babe a womb
Too cramped and small in which to lie.

The more religious poems do not make as great an impression upon me; though in that quoted above, while it contains no particularly new thought, one perceives delicate, strong, and exact statement. In the next group one poem stands out, like the meditation of a latter-day Blake:

I see the white, the frangible,
The delicate narcissi lie
Deep in the grass like galaxies
Of stars and starry nebulae,
When lo, the irrefrangible,
The silver scaled dirigible
Appears above them in the sky;
Whereat myself, astonished by
The apparition, bid mine eyes
That gloat on earthly paradise
Go look with wonder and amaze
Upon this last superb device
Created by intrepid man;—
Yea, like an idiot I gaze
Upon the great Leviathan.

The poem beginning "Arbors and aviaries—" in the fourth group, is delightful. But the poet's attitude toward the younger women of today, as shown in items VI and VII of this group, is seen to be so jejeune as almost to seem ludicrous. A strange vagary!—for the following section of another poem is a beautiful interpretation of virginal love:

Oh, bright Narcissus,
Who has thrown
Into the white
And precious pool
The fatal stone?
Now the delicious
Water shakes,
And all the bright,
The beautiful
Images break
And fall into
A thousand forms.
Oh, bright Narcissus,
Was it you
Or I who threw
The fatal stones?

SUMMARY OF MISS MILLER

In similar brief lines, further on in the book, the poem beginning "Oh yes, I know," is almost Dickinsonian; and number II of the last group, "When the cool moon mist, fringed with saffron, lies—" though imperfect, is the type of poem one returns to for muted beauty of feeling.

It may be said of Mary Britton Miller that, although this book, which is not her first (her first was "Songs of Infancy and Other Poems"), holds as yet only promise, it is a promise of an especial kind, something that foreshadows, if I am not mistaken, a much rarer and more powerful achievement later on. Of course, it is extremely difficult to prophesy, and one is often mistaken. But I find a good deal more in her volume than mere facility. There is fortunate spontaneity of expression. Hers is a narrow range as yet, and so far as the metaphysical goes she is still a neophyte. But it is permissible to hope.

Dual Personality

PROMETHEUS AND EPIMETHEUS. By CARL SPITTELER. Translated from the German by JAMES F. MUIRHEAD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by LLOYD WENDELL ESHLEMAN

JUST as a Spittelerian character once remarked to the devil: "Thou knowest the hunter's way of baiting his traps with whatever is best suited to attract the animal he is after: a worm for one, liver and bacon for another, milk and sweet honey for yet others"; so also might one remark that Carl Spitteler knew how to bait his literary traps. It remains only for readers to scent the bait. There must be several hundred thousand potential readers for Spitteler's translated works. And for each type of reader he makes individual offering. Within his "Little Misogynists" (Holt), "Laughing Truths" (Putnam), "Selected Poems" (Macmillan) and now "Prometheus and Epimetheus" almost any reader, regardless of taste, intelligence, or preference, will find savory meat.

Spitteler is as modern as Ariosto, Chaucer, Erasmus, Milton, Goethe, Heine, Morris, Cabell, or Virginia Woolf: each of whom might be compared with him. More than any other modern writer's, perhaps, his name stands for a combination of fearlessness, truth, honesty, humor, and grace.

"Prometheus and Epimetheus" is said to be a prose epic. It is also a fantasy, a philosophic idyll, an imaginative *Wolkenkuckucksheim*. But in its English dress it is primarily a novel, which should be classed as such, and not as poetry, philosophy, or theology.

Ostensibly, the story concerns two brothers. In their youth "they accepted no law and no custom; and their only commandment was the whispering of their own souls." In exchange for Soul, an angel offers Conscience and a kingly crown. Epimetheus accepts, and for a while achieves earthly riches and plaudits. Prometheus rejects, denying that his Soul is a wicked woman who will lead him to sin and death. But the book abounds in anecdotes, parables, poetic similes, ideas, symbolism, philosophy, and gayety.

In his "Psychological Types," Dr. Jung analyzes Spitteler and compares Prometheus and Epimetheus with the introvert and extravert. Dr. Jung's psychological mind apparently lacked poetic insight to see that the two are not brothers: they are one person! The book represents, in fictional form, a spiritual biography of the dual personality which is in all of us. The symbolism and mysticism of the story do not conceal the fact that important characters play double roles. So also with places, and with animals and things, which Spitteler always personifies.

In doing for Spitteler what no one has yet done successfully for Goethe, Mr. Muirhead merits his degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. I believe that "Prometheus and Epimetheus" deserves a permanent place on best-seller lists. It has meaning; it has prophetic insight; and it carries no didactic messages to annoy those who desire charm, beauty, and grace in their reading menu. In Spitteler's own words, as Mr. Muirhead points out, "*Dichterwahrheit ist nicht Lehrwahrheit.*"

A writer in *John o' London's Weekly* says: "I have heard it said that, in the hair-splittings of the law, a comma left out or falsely put in has cost a man the fortune he looked for from his wealthy uncle's last will and testament. However that may be, certain it is, that a misplaced comma may be a costly thing in sense. I would have the comma as a necessity, not as an irritating luxury. A sentence overcommaed—if I may venture to coin another pseudo-verb—is like an ill-made box with all its joints showing."

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A Letter from Italy

By SAMUEL PUTNAM

TO say that the intellectual life of a country is being very largely shaped by any one individual, even when the country in question is a comparatively small one in point of physical size, is always dangerous and almost inevitably inexact. And yet, while the nation, intellectually speaking, is the sum of individual minds merged into a thinking super-entity that is the national consciousness, it is nevertheless possible for an individual, through a happy combination of native endowment and favoring position, to be able so to provide the meditative and creative life of his fellows with direction and a channel as to make of himself a strategic point upon any map that might be drawn of the contemporary human spirit within the boundaries of the country that he calls his own. Such a position as this, as I see it, is the one occupied by Signor G. B. Angioletti in the Italy of today.

One who has been following currents and events in Italy, more or less at close-up, for the past fifteen years and more, being in the habit of spending at least a portion of the year south of the Alps, cannot but be convinced that the Italy of 1932 is something quite other than the Italy of, say, 1916, and something else again than the Italy of 1920 or the Italy of 1926 (I take the dates that come to me instinctively). The old Italy, the tourist's paradise of the picturesque, and even the poet's land of dreams and refuge, is fast vanishing, as described in the bravely melancholy preface to Angioletti's "Ritratto del Mio Paese" ("Portrait of My Country"), published some three years ago. In its place, we have a civilization bent, as are the Soviets, upon a modernization that will enable life to meet modernity upon equal terms. Was it not Marinetti and the Futurists who gave us the evangel of the machine? And after Futurism came Bontempelli and the Novecentisti with their twentieth-century myth-making.

Yet the old century dies hard, and the heritage of the Ottocento lies heavy. On this head, I would refer the reader to a remarkable article,— an article remarkable for a power of passionate statement that is not so common as it once was—by Angioletti, in *L'Italia Letteraria* for January 10th last. This article, the first of what promises to be an intensely interesting and important series on "The Europe of Today," of which I shall have more to say later, deals with the nineteenth century from the general European point of view, but the statements there made are naturally of special applicability to Italy. In his introduction to the Italian section of the forthcoming second volume of "The European Caravan," Signor Massimo Bontempelli will have something to tell us concerning the character of what he is pleased to call "the Italian Interlude"; and he will be found to stress the fragmentariness of this period. That there exists a distinct interregnum, the literary historians are practically agreed; *"fra i due secoli"* is a common, and convenient, division with them.

According to Bontempelli, who, in spite of all the assumed fantasticality of a *chef d'école*, possesses a power of trenchant criticism, the twentieth century did not begin, belatedly, until somewhile after the war. In other words, even such figures as Marinetti and the earlier Papini belong to the Ottocento rather than to the Novecento. However much of accuracy or inaccuracy there may be in this view, the fact remains that, while Papini definitely has joined d'Annunzio in the limbo of a theatric individualism, the voice of Marinetti, the present academician, similarly comes to us with a faint and hollow sound, and even Bontempelli's own progeny, Novecentismo, is rapidly coming to be spoken of, by its founder and others, in terms of the past.

No, the Italy of today is one that has no time for Futuristic frivols or post-Cubistic posturings. It is an Italy that has undergone something resembling a rebirth. Believe it or not, as the American would remark, and say what you will of Fascism, it is a new, young, vigorous, and creative Italy that we meet with today, at least upon the spiritual plane. You ask me for proof of this. If the "proof" is to take the form of literary masterpieces, ready to be handed over for translation, it is altogether more than likely that I shall not be able to produce one that either the American publisher or the American reader would be willing to accept as a masterpiece; for a number of years past, I have been acting as a publisher's "scout" for Italy, and I know whereof I speak. True, there are certain significant works to be encountered, in one genre or another. Of some of these, I have had something to say in other letters to the *Saturday Review of Literature*. I have spoken of such an *Entwickelungs-roman* (to indulge in an offhand classification) as the "Giovannio o la Vita Romantica" of Mario Viscardini; and I have also spoken of Alberto Moravia's "Gli Indifferenti," which has been a bit rashly referred to as "the only novel that has come out of Italy since Fascism."

These are encouraging signs, but they are scarcely more than signs. As for Moravia, while I admire deeply and sincerely his indubitable novelist's gift, I cannot regard his "Gli Indifferenti" as anything more than flawless Flaubertian realism applied to after-war fatigue. If this is what is sought, well and good. I believe the American public will like his book, and it is, perhaps, the best that has been done since Borgese's "Rubè"; but I fear I cannot look upon it as representing the ultimate goal of the current, living impulse. That goal I do not believe has been attained as yet; it may be reached within the next five years.

But masterpieces, after all, are not everything. What is taking place at the present time is, rather, a creative fertilization, a breaking of ground, a laying of foundation-stones. This is a very necessary task, if at moments a dull one. And in this work of intellectual carting and excavation, I can think of no one who is playing a more energetic or a more valiant part than is Signor Angioletti. In addition to clearing away the débris of the Ottocento, he, as editor of *L'Italia Letteraria*, the peninsula's leading literary weekly, is bringing writing, thinking, and painting Italy—not forgetting the arts of the theatre and the cinema—into the international conversation, the chorus of European culture and tradition. He may be seen at his entrepreneur's labors in such a work as his "Scrittori d'Europa," where his endowments as a critic are advantageously revealed, and by virtue of which he takes his place with Capasso, Debenedetti, and such other distinguished critics and translators (often indiscriminately damned as "francophiles"), who are effectively engaged in breaking down the walls of a narrow peninsularism and a xenophobia of the "Strapaese" type, as fostered by Soffici and the upholders of the inviolability of native tradition. Bontempelli and the "super-citizens" of "Staracità" did much; their efforts are being given a more profoundly conscious fruition by Angioletti and the younger men.

The work of construction and reconstruction, of ground-breaking, shows nowhere more luminously, to my mind, than in such a manifestation as Signor Angioletti's "Europe of Today" series. This, it is true, is *reportage*, but critical, interpretative *reportage*, of a sort that should be peculiarly valuable to any nation at a time like the present. The two articles which have thus far been published, following the one above mentioned, on the German mind, temper, and temperament are a case in point. Moreover, *L'Italia Letteraria* as a whole, so far as I am aware, is the most cosmopolitan of any literary publication in the world. In its aliveness and range of interest, it stands in some contrast to the far more parochial *Nouvelles Littéraires*, which is only saved for internationalism by M. Marcel Brion. From a reading of its pages, one could make a calendar of the European mind. This is something for which to be grateful, and no small share of the credit goes to the present editor, who with the late Umberto Fracchia founded the journal some years ago as, originally, *La Fiera Letteraria* of Milan, —a lusty young one from the start, whose vitality seemingly has been heightened by transference to the capital.

Angioletti, of course, is more than a critic. With his prize winning "Il Giorno del Giudizio" of 1928, he became known as a writer of very fine prose, a prose especially noteworthy for its play of fancy, the nice alternation of drama and description, and for a lyric, Lombardian pathos. In this respect, the harmonious balancing of the critic's and the creator's instincts, Angioletti is typical.

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LIFE AND LIVING

A Critic's Magic Mirror

THE EMOTIONAL DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. By STUART P. SHERMAN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

SAINTE-BEUVE says somewhere that every man of genius is an enchanter who possesses a magic mirror, unique and irreplaceable, in which we may see reflected his vision of the world. This final sheaf of Sherman's essays gives us a last look into his magic mirror, and a new sense of the irreparable loss which his death brought to American letters. The essays which it includes are somewhat miscellaneous in subject, and Sherman, if he had lived, would probably

STUART P. SHERMAN.

not have gathered them into a single volume. Yet though the subjects range from Cellini to Chesterton, from Elizabethan translations to the landscape of Colorado, the total effect of the book is one of impressive unity. The essays come together to give us, through their very variety of theme, the most nearly complete expression of Sherman's personality to be found in any of his books.

Sherman the "fighting critic" appears in the paper on "Carlyle and Kaiser Worship" and in the two on Stevenson, "Who Made the Stevenson Myth?" and "What is Biographical Truth?" The last named, by the way, is a penetrating contribution to the modern theory of biography. Sherman the portrait painter appears in the essays on Cellini, Godwin, Flynt, Gosse, and Chesterton, and at the height of his subtle mastery in the sketch of Henry James. Sherman the brilliant generalizer about literature and life appears in the title essay, and in the papers on "The Religion of Today" and "Wandering between Two Worlds." All the essays are informed with the splendid gusto which is one of the distinguishing marks of Sherman's criticism,—a quality akin to the delight in life which attracted him in such diverse characters as Cellini and Stevenson. They are united, less obviously but as surely, by the power of exact discrimination which is his other great quality, and which appears at its best in the discussions of Godwin, James, and Mr. More. The essay on Colorado ("The Flavor of Times and Places"), which at first glance seems remote from the main line of the book, turns out to be a perfect illustration of the thesis of the title essay; it celebrates the emotional discovery of a corner of America.

In view of the fact that the book includes articles representing various periods of Sherman's work, this unity of tone is especially noteworthy. It suggests that his alleged change of front in his later years was really only a shift of emphasis. One may pass, as I have just done, from the study of Josiah Flynt (1909) or the one of Chesterton (1917) to the papers on Godwin and Swinburne, written just before his death in 1926, with no sense of jarring change. The later essays have a richer maturity and a less formal manner, but the point of view is not essentially different. Always Sherman is relishing the individual flavor of the man; always he is trying to define and distinguish his quality sharply and vividly, and to estimate his human value. Take, for example, the description of Mr. Chesterton's two campaigns:

> One against the esthetic decadence of the immediate past, and one against the scientific radicalism threatening to occupy the immediate future. . . While the world-weary and death-bitten esthetes were sipping their absinthe and reading their Gautier and growing thin and refined and sad and apathetic, he was drinking his beer and reading his Dickens and growing burly and vulgar and jolly and bellicose. At the turn of the century, with fire in his eye under broad shaggy brows of a massive head merged in a great bulk of shoulder, he snorted with disgust and derision and the joy of battle, and charged through the blue china shop of the Yellow 'Nineties like a bison, with results enliving to all beholders. . . .
>
> Mr. Chesterton made war against the esthetic decadents because of their absurd hopelessness. He made war against the scientific radicals for their absurd hopefulness. . . . His criticism of Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, and the other gentlemen who, for remodeling purposes, propose to shatter the universe to bits is twofold: first, that these gentlemen greatly exaggerate the frangibility of the universe; second, that they are quite inadequately acquainted with the "heart's desire." In the strength of his own insight into the wants of that mysterious organ, he has struck out right and left, sometimes blindly, sometimes with victorious vision, at almost every radicalism stirring in these days. . . .

Or take this brief characterization of the later Henry James:

> The world was Henry James's sweetheart; but in his grand "Platonic" passion for it he became so incurably amorous, so smitten with the superiority of his own outlook, so abounding in his own sense, that he tended to crush the objective reality out of whatever he embraced, and to substitute for it the personal truth, the *vraie vérité*, of the impressionist. . . Not the object, but the quantity and quality of the emotion existing between him and the object,—this is the subject over which he bends and broods in ecstatic scrutiny.

The vitality of critical writing like this speaks for itself, and underneath what seems its extravagance is always a fine discrimination. Probably no critic since Hazlitt has shown so perfect a balance and fusion of these qualities as Sherman.

A History of Biology

THE STORY OF LIVING THINGS. By CHARLES SINGER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN H. BRADLEY
University of Southern California

THE depression has squelched many things, but not the production of outlines. Although the American pastures where English authors have been wont to graze are not so lush as they formerly were, the grazing persists. Dr. Singer may suffer for his tardy arrival, but he may yet possess the satisfaction of having written one of the best outlines in an era of many outlines.

In this engaging account of the history of biology, the recent proliferation of readable books on the life sciences is not mentioned. Yet it may not be without some significance that biologists, after all these centuries of devotion to their worms and fishes, should at last take enough interest in men to tell them something of their discoveries. The snobbery that has made simple utterances in the mother tongue a misdemeanor for men of science must be weakening. Now that some of the best men in several different sciences are writing books with artistic merit and general appeal, it would seem that the old stigma on popularization is doomed to die. Should this happen, scientists as a group might be expected to be educated as well as trained, and a new epoch to be inaugurated in the history of science.

Good writing on scientific subjects is still largely a British monopoly. "The Story of Living Things" is an excellent example of popular science writing at its best. Unfortunately the title is somewhat misleading. The book is not a biology but a history of biology, as the title used in the British edition clearly stated. On the other hand there is justification for the title chosen for the American edition. Despite the fact that a reader with no formal training in biology can gain from this book only a fragmentary knowledge of certain phases of the subject, there is much of the known story of living things in this story of man's thought about them. Indeed the book goes far in substantiating the author's view that "the proper way to survey the sciences is to treat them as arising seriatim in the course of the ages from that desire which is innate in every human being to know what Nature has to reveal. Thus expounded, the sciences become records of the process of human inquiry, and science itself coextensive with the history of science."

A system of philosophy may come into existence largely through the creative effort of a single mind. It may borrow little from its predecessors, and when superseded, little of it may survive in the systems that follow. The history of philosophy resembles the history of life as falsely depicted by the catastrophists of the early nineteenth century, who taught that the earth is periodically swept clean of living creatures and periodically repopulated by divine acts of special creation. The history of science, to the contrary, is the history of an organic growth. Modern science is rooted in the past as a tree is rooted in the ground, each twig the offshoot of an older branch, each branch the offshoot of an older limb, all parts articulated in a causal sequence from bottom to top. Dr. Singer's book is a gallery of pictures which show the successive stages in the growth of the tree of biology.

In Part I we see the random observations and conjectures of the ancients slowly grow, through the cultivation of Aristotle, Theophrastus, Galen, and others, to a body of organized knowledge. We next see it wasting under the drought of the Middle Ages, and then slowly reviving during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, chiefly through the ministrations of Leonardo, Vesalius, and Harvey.

In Part II the inductive method of Francis Bacon is seen to bud, and in it the

ADAPTATION TO ENVIRONMENT.
AN ILLUSTRATION FROM J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S "OUTLINE OF NATURAL HISTORY" (PUTNAMS).

promise of a rich efflorescence. The world becomes suddenly interested in the ways of fleas and bees, and organizes itself to understand them. Academies, scientific journals, and the microscope appear. Linnæus and his kin, bravely facing the vast multiplicity of living forms, begin to catalogue them, a task that is still not ended and which will last at least as long as man's interest in it. We next see the man who gave us "Faust" fostering the early shoots of comparative anatomy. We see an army of exploratory tendrils under the care of von Humboldt, Lyell, Wallace, and Hooker. Finally we watch the heavy limb of Darwinian evolution take form, its leaves gradually shadowing the entire tree.

In Part III, the longest and most important division of the work, we observe the emergence and growth of the seven main branches of modern biological science. The first to emerge is the first treated: the problem of the relationship between an organism as a whole and the cells of which it is made. The second is the closely related problem, the age-old problem of the nature of life. Considered next is the growth of physiology, the attempt to correlate the numerous and intrinsic internal activities of living things. Then follow in turn the growth of biogenesis, the science that seeks to understand the relationship of organisms to their environment: and the growth of embryology which delves in the history of the individual organism for indications of the development of such relationship. Finally we see in retrospect the genesis of the two greatest branches of modern biology: the nature of sex and the mechanism of heredity.

The book is marked by thoughtful selection and arrangement of material, and by judicious comment. Quotations and illustrations from original sources add interest; cross references facilitate clarity. The style is unembellished without being unimaginative. No book is perfect. It is to Dr. Singer's credit that the most serious imperfection in "The Story of Living Things" is the index which, by listing men and omitting their contributions, must frequently prove inadequate.

Greek Pre-History

THE MYCENÆAN ORIGINS OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY. By MARTIN P. NILSSON. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1932.

Reviewed by ARTHUR D. NOCK

THE Sather Professorship has brought a number of distinguished scholars to California, and the series of volumes which perpetuates their lectures has put all of us under an obligation to the foundation. None has exceeded this in interest or importance. Professor Nilsson is in a class by himself for his combination of penetrating acumen, great and accurate knowledge, and unswerving unwillingness to follow a new idea because it is new or an old idea because it is old, and he has a rare gift of seeing things happen in the way in which they do happen.

In an earlier work, "The Minoan-Mycenæan Religion and its Survival in the Greek Religion" he investigated the religion of the inhabitants of Greece in the second millenium B. C. and its connections with the religion of historical Greece. He now turns himself to the legends relating to the Heroes. He shows that they cannot be regarded as substantially the creation of epic poets, and that the chief cycles are attached to places which are proved by archæological remains to have been prominent centers in the Mycenæan period, centuries before the time of Homer. Further, he proves that the peculiar relations of the Homeric gods to Zeus are to be understood only from the political conditions of the Mycenæan age, when there were independent kings ruling in different cities but subject to their overlord in Mycenæ. This brief summary gives no idea of the fascinating interest of the book, or of the flood of light which it throws not merely on Greek mythology, but also on the poetry of heroic ages in general. The explanations given of the story of Helen's rape, of the story of Cadmus and how he came to be regarded as a Phœnician, and of the absence of archæological data corresponding to the tale of Odysseus, we would no more quote here than we would betray in a review the secrets of a good detective story; these are just as exciting.

This is a book which no student of Greek mythology or of comparative literature can neglect. It can be warmly commended also to all who have ever felt the thrill of seeing Greek prehistoric remains either in reality or in photographs.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING. By ERIC G. UNDERWOOD. Oxford University Press. 1932. $3.50.

While this handbook has merit as an orderly collection of encyclopædic material, it lacks anything like consistent literary character. Little essays, such as that on Watteau, with agreeable biographical touches, alternate with alphabetical short notices. Social background is emphasized for one period and forgotten for the next. There is plenty of discursive scholarship in evidence, with occasional bad slips, especially in the early section. The apochryphal account of Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession graces the first page, and Jean Pucelle quite absurdly is regarded as a French Cimabue. Those eager for unrelieved information will find it plentiful in a book which reads rather like a faithful student's notes on a course in French painting. The best passages show that the author is capable of better things. There is a useful list of European and American museums, oddly omitting the Barnes Foundation, which are strong in French painting.

Fiction

THE MASTER'S GOLDEN YEARS. By JOHN OXENHAM. Longmans, Green. 1932. $2.

Retellings either in fiction or biography of great llives are justified in terms of what new or revealing things they may have to say. Reinterpretation, deeper insight or feeling, even merely additional facts, all have their claim. But this book, a fictional rehandling of the materials of the Synoptic Gospels, told by a young Jewish boy Esli-ben-Matthat, who is supposed to be a body-servant to Jesus, has nothing to add to the mood of sentimental reverence that has long been familiar. In fact—with the best of intentions, no doubt—it diminishes Christ's stature rather than enhances it. Even Giovanni Papini's overrated biography had a curious (if not desirable) melodramatic intensity; Mr. Oxenham's effort reduces Christ to a sometimes rather cryptic great man and big brother.

There are, one may admit, a few places where one's readymade associations for a career that has so moved the imagination of centuries may eclipse one's judgment in easy feeling, but such emotion is no merit in the author. And it is hard to explain why he regularly ignores the poetry of the King James translation whenever he allows Esli to quote the Master's sayings. Even if he is trying to represent the simple peasant mind, that mind might now and then recall the magic phrase—and for English-speaking people there is no magic in that realm that can equal the familiar version. Mr. Oxenham's book, we suppose, is sincere enough, in its way, and it is not positively bad, but as literature a comparison with its sources forbids us to find it good.

THE CLAIRVOYANT. By ERNST LOTHAR. Kinsey. 1932. $2.50.

This novel is better in conception than in execution. The theme is good: the story of a man who realizes the implications of his having laid claim to more than human powers. Sebastian Trux is a young lawyer who enters the legal department of a great Viennese bank, and there shows a strange ability not merely to read character from handwriting, but to predict future events in the writer's life. A great entrepreneur dies under almost exactly the circumstances Trux has predicted. Under insistent pressure he capitalizes his gift. People come to him in hope; but he sees mostly evil fates, and they leave in despair at the destinies he foretells. Gradually this weighs on him, he prays that he may see no evil, but feels that he cannot deny the truth. His career is strewn with horror and death, and his own suffering grows with the suffering he brings about. Even if it be true, he wonders, has he the right to reveal the unknown? So the ethical problem is posed and, in outline at least, receives a reasonably satisfactory development and solution.

The handling, of the book, however, is regrettably crude both in episode and style. Herr Lothar has not been able to resist the temptations to melodrama which such a theme invites. There are monstrous—and undeveloped—intimations of vice in high places; mysterious episodes occur and are left dangling unsolved for pages on end; lurid characters of supposedly unexampled wickedness and irresitible witchery are shuffled around. Worse than these things, the language suffers from the curious evil of constant hysteria. The reader seems always to be making his way through a red fog of meaningless excitement. Page after page of apocalyptic fever induces sympathetic fever in the reader. Such a style is not a literary merit.

A WOMAN OF COURAGE. By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Emily Newell Blair set out to write a novel of one woman's fight for economic independence. And then a strange thing happened. For Mrs. Blair, who writes very ably about novels and about woman's economic struggle, so completely overstacked the cards against her heroine that all force of argument and most of the narrative interest dropped out of the book. The conditions described are very little in evidence today. They were undoubtedly true at an earlier date, but it has been some time now since men have so plagued women who want to enter their no longer preëmpted field. All of the heroine's motivation toward freedom is intensely personal, which does not make her too likable, and the ill fortunes heaped and reheaped on her brave head do not make that head too convincing.

WHITHER I MUST. By BRIDGET DRYDEN. Stokes. 1932. $2.

"Are we really as dead as that?" shuddered a slightly drunken woman in a Fifty-second Street Speakeasy, "Dead from the beginning, and we didn't know it."

This same sort of sentimental fatalism does considerable damage to Bridget Dryden's rather superior book. Although she has written about a woman who is real in a world of real pain and beauty, Miss Dryden has lessened the higher values of her book by consciously dramatizing coincidence. Much of what she has written consequently is extraneous and, for that reason, dull, in spite of its swift movement. After a first chapter which is totally confusing and bad, there are many scenes of unexpected quality and accomplishment. Miss Dryden needs to distinguish between writing which is a *tour de force* of recording and writing which makes fine use of assimilated observation. Consideration of her own work, so often cluttered and cheap, but so often fluent and excellent, should make this distinction clear. And, inquiring more deeply, Miss Dryden might discover the source of the difference in a comparison with Dos Passos's "42nd Parallel" from which we presume the method of her book is derived. Dos Passos is neither fatalist, nor sentimentalist, nor realist either, but a writer and an artist. An all important difference which Miss Dryden gives some promise of achieving.

THE MAD STONE. By LORNA BEERS. Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

In the heart of one male deer in each generation—so runs the legend—slowly grows a Mad Stone, which by laying-on draws out the poison of the mad dog's fang. "Would there was somewhere a stone to heal the madness of the soul," reflects Louis Ludlow in this tale. "What is it we seek in these lawless gestures toward strange gods and strange women, but a mad stone to heal a mortal wound of the spirit." "The Mad Stone" is the story of two individuals poisoned with mental restlessness who seek a talisman to restore them to health.

Its scene is the little town of Hackett, Minnesota, its principal characters, Ollie Hackett, banished to the place by her overbearing husband, a New York financier, and Louis Ludlow, half-genius and ne'er-do-well, retreating into cynicism from a career of frustration, poisoned by the mad, bitter, and ironical pride of self-assertion and failure.These two inevitably come together, two mad and wounded souls in the peaceful and sylvan desert of the rural town. How their poisons melt and how each in a way brings a mad stone to the other is told in a novel of sensitive

(*Continued on next page*)

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Photo by Hollinger.

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

understanding and penetration, unconventional in the highest sense. The book has no glitter or sophistication but shows always a clear, sure grasp of essentials, and a style which is a quiet pleasure.

PORT OF CALL. By D. C. PEATTIE. Century. 1932. $2.

Here is a romantic interlude in a man's life, deftly and charmingly done, with a few paragraphs of real feeling, just as there must have been a few moments of real passion during the episode. It is a suave and adult piece of writing. Reith, an American explorer, is returning from the Far East where he has been collecting botanical specimens for the department of agriculture. His ship stops at an old Mediterranean seaport, and he remembers that it is the home of a boy he has nursed and buried in the Kansu wilderness. He drives out to the elder Orcagna's villa, intending to pay his respects to the boy's father. There he finds—Lisa. There he stays—to be near Lisa. An Argentinian, Guzman by name, is evidently on a familiar footing in the family and for some reason seems to resent Reith's visit. The reason soon becomes clear. He is Lisa's lover, by one of those convenient Latin arrangements which see nothing incongruous in the mating of a middle-aged husband of a Castilian lady and the father of seven children with a child of eighteen. Guzman supplies Orcagna with the necessities of life, and Lisa with the luxuries.

Lisa falls as precipitously in love with Reith as he does with her, and they elope. Guzman follows them and returns with Lisa to her father, and to her former status as his mistress, which (and here is the surprise of the book) she discovers that she really likes!

"Port of Call" is slight, as slight as the effect of the swift and fleeting love of Reith and Lisa, but it gives the reader a feeling of psychological soundness. It is just what would happen to a man of Reith's type, touching an outpost of civilization after a year or more of monastic isolation. Too sensitive and too fine to get much satisfaction from the native women of the lands in which he had travelled, the small, polite Japanese, brown girls of Java with the eyes of reproachful marmosets, sultry *Mestizas* in parrot colored skirts, he thinks that he has found in Lisa an emotional harbor. Instead of that she is merely a "port of call," and he goes back to his work rededicated.

SALL IN RHODESIA. By *Sheila Macdonald*. Coward-McCann. $2.

WHISPERING GATE. By *Anne Jerrymore*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE TRAP. By *Allen Havens*. Kinsey. $3.

THE DEPUTY AT SNOW MOUNTAIN. By *Edison Marshall*. Kinsey. $2.

Brief Mention

Two unusual anthologies of short stories are *Great Spanish Short Stories* with an introduction by Henri Barbusse (Houghton Mifflin, 1932. $3) and *Love Throughout the Ages*, edited by Robert Lynd (Coward-McCann, 1932. $3), a collection of love stories of all nations. Another interesting book is a biography of Father Damien the hero of the leper colony of Molokai, by Irene Cauldwell (Macmillan. 1932 $2). Stevenson's famous letter is printed as an appendix. Nathaniel Peffer's *China: The Collapse of a Civilization* (Day, 1932. $3.) is appropriately reissued this year in a new edition. The book was well reviewed when it appeared and is of obvious interest now. Sir Oliver Lodge's Autobiography is just being published by Scribner's. An interesting collection of his notes upon the important meetings of British Associations for the Advancement of Science from 1869-1900, with many reminiscences of the contributions of famous scientists of the past and a discussion of the present status of the ether theory, was to have been included in the Autobiography but has been excerpted as having its own particular value and is now published by Harcourt, Brace. The book is called *Advancing Science* (1932. $2). A contribution to the early history of the Pacific is the *Pioneer Steamer California*, by Victor M. Berthold. The story of this steamer is also a story of the gold fever and of early trips to South America by steam. The book is published in an edition limited to 500 copies, by Houghton Mifflin. (1932. $5). *Hell in the Foreign Legion*, by Ernst Lohndörff (Greenberg, 1932. $2.50), is described as a debunking account of the Foreign Legion intended apparently in part as a faithful story of experiences in the Legion and in part as an antidote to the romance of *Under Two Flags* and *Beau Geste*. A book of considerable scientific importance and probably with interesting cross-references to human habit is S. Zuckerman's *The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes* (Harcourt, Brace, 1932. $3.75), which discusses in great technical detail the communal and especially the sexual habits of baboons and the greater apes. Much of the study has been conducted at the famous baboon colony in the London Zoölogical Gardens. *Far Places*, by James Macintosh Bell (Macmillan Co. of Canada, 1932), is a far-flung narrative of scientific travel with especially interesting chapters on New Caledonia and Great Bear Lake. Another collection of most interesting photographs of the new art of modern architecture is called *the International Style: Architecture since* 1922 (Norton, 1932. $5). A book of specialized interest is *The Protection of Woman and Children in Soviet Russia*, by Alice Withrow Field (Dutton. 1932). The title indicates its content which should be particularly interesting to social workers. W. Lange-Eichbaum is the author of the recently translated *Problem of Genius* (Macmillan. $3). The thesis of this book is that the "individual is only the bearer, the sustainer of genius. He (or she) is usually talented but not necessarily so and becomes famous through a fortunate concatenation of circumstances. . . . In a word, a genius is one who is revered by numerous persons. There is no such thing as a distinct human type which can be labeled genius, for genius is only a social relationship, the relationship of the admirer of genius to mankind." Some very interesting conclusions follow this thesis. Professor Robert T. Hance, University of Pittsburgh, found certain lectures of his on the elements of biology so successful that he has published them in book form. *The Machines We Are: The Principles of Living Phenomena* (Crowell, 1932. $3) swings in easy and fluent style over the topics of heredity, food, propagation, health, the nervous system, the body's struggle for life, and the balance of nature. A scholarly book on Shelley which should be called to the attention of students of English literature and of poetry is *Desire and Restraint in Shelley*, by Floyd Stovall of the University of Texas (Duke University Press, 1931. $3.50).

My Animal Friends, by C. Emerson Brown, Director of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Garden (Doubleday, Doran, 1932, $3.50), has not only fascinating pictures of his animals but a very ingratiating text. Alice Hunt Bartlett has written a Masque in a number of episodes to be performed at the numerous Washington celebrations now under way. It is published for the National Arts Committee for the celebration of Washington's two hundredth birthday by Brentano (1932, $4). "Good books on Holland are rare in English and most of them are quite all different," says the publisher's note on Carl Scheffler's *Holland* (1932, $4). The book, which is a general description well illustrated rather than a guide book, will be useful to travellers headed toward Holland this summer. Libraries and specialists in Lincolniana will wish to know of *What Lincoln Read*, by Rufus Rockwell Wilson (Pioneer Publishing Co., Washington, D. C., 1932). Brewer, Warren & Putnam have just issued a little book which contains more ghastly horrors than anything that has come to our shelves this year. It is prefaced by a poem of Le Gallienne's called "The Illusion of War." The photographs of dead, wounded, starving, mutilated men constitute one hundred pages of the most forcible detriment to the war spirit than can conceivably be imagined. There is a foreword by Harry Emerson Fosdick. The Roerich Museum Press, which has in the past published the works of Professor Roerich, is now extending its scope. One of their spring publications is *A Goethe Symposium* with contributions by such distinguished authors as Thomas Mann, George Santayana, William Ellery Leonard, and Romain Rolland. The very useful *American Universities and Colleges* has now been revised and edited by John Henry MacCracken for the American Council of Education. It presents in condensed form all essential facts, figures, and data concerning higher education in America. Not only does it contain condensed statements of the equipment and faculty of each college but also a systematic analysis of the work being done under each of the great departments of knowledge with prefatory chapters on important aspects of education in the United States. This is an indispensable reference book for libraries and educational institutions.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

YES, I know Edward Lear, not Lewis Carroll, wrote "The Pobble Who Had No Toes," and as you may have guessed, I did know it all along, in spite of my beautiful boner in a recent issue. If I did not naturally make a slip inexcusable as that at least once in every four months, I think I would make one on purpose, to retain the affection of my clientèle. I hasten to add that nature looks out for me in that respect with almost unnecessary care. But all I get is friendly letters beginning "How delightful to find you don't really know everything," or other expressions of esteem. For instance, my first reproof was from the incomparable Earle Walbridge, *Harvard Club Library*, and all he did, after a sort of "Well, well" beginning, was to rejoice that it gave him a chance to tell me to be sure to read "the very agreeable article entitled 'How Pleasant to Know Mr. Lear!' by Bertha Coolidge in the current *Colophon*." He also added a few more swimmers to the collection from Robert Benchley's devastating review of Rose Macaulay's "Dangerous Ages" that he says might well have given the quietus once and for all to swimming as a fictional recreation. It begins on page 291 of "Love Conquers All," and has been for some time a favorite bit of bedtime reading of mine. Also *M. V. N. S., Philadelphia,* who asked for advice on the reading matter of a brilliant but out-of-work Syrian, takes the Pobble as the starting point of a report on what this youth is up to now. It appears that while waiting for "Only Yesterday" to get to him through the library, he set off on "Henry Ryecroft" ("because he'd been so poor and took such delight in simple costless things. Maron was enthusiastic over Henry"). So this book might be added to our out-of-work library. He is now repairing screens for an apartment house, working well, but yearning for a job where he can use his drivers' license. Also he's writing for the *True Story Magazine*. I thought you'd like to know.

E. B. K., Falmouth, Me., collecting war posters of America, needs a book or series of government pamphlets describing thoset issued by this government during the Great War. She has already "Poster Design," by Charles M. Price, Joseph Pennell's book on his famous posters, and an English book, "War Posters," but nothing which gives one an idea of the complete series. I find that most libraries use the English "War Posters" as their best reference work; those that I consulted knew of no American book of the kind needed. I suggest consulting the Kansas City Public Library, for when I was last in that city I visited a fine collection of war posters, housed in one of the halls connected with their War Memorial.

E. S. D., Aurora, Ill., needs novels or records of recent travel showing life in countries of the Pacific; Somerset Maugham is already on this list, with Lafcadio Hearn, Gauguin, O'Brien, and Conrad. My additions would begin with "Brown Women and White," by Andrew Freeman (Day), experiences of an American in running a newspaper in Bangkok, Siam, where it would seem opportunities for sensational journalism are by no means lacking. "Great Dipper to Southern Cross," by Edward H. Dodd, Jr. (Dodd, Mead), is one of the books in that library gathered by the man on a Central American banana plantation, of whom I lately spoke, the man who intends to go to sea in a small boat. This is the record of a South Sea cruise of five young men in a seventy-five foot schooner; their course was from New London by way of Galapagos, Tahiti, and points west, to Sydney, Australia; the book keeps going beautifully. I wish Evelyn Waugh had written about the South Seas as he has about Abyssinia in "They were Still Dancing" (Cape, Smith) or the Mediterranean cruise in "A Bachelor Abroad" (Cape, Smith) for he is an ideal book traveller, but so far he has kept off Mr. Maugham's territory. "My South Sea Island," by Eric Muspratt (Morrow), is a young Englishman's adventure as what amounted to the six months actual ruler of one of the Solomon Islands,: he says "These six months had given me what I most wanted from life—experience —though I had paid for it in what was most precious—something from youth, from strength, and from the glamor of illusion." In this spirit, but with unfeigned delight, he makes a simple and vivid narrative. "Searching for Pirate Treasure in Cocos Island," by Capt. Malcolm Campbell (Stokes), is the tale of the yacht *Adventuress* that carried five men, one of whom tells the story, on a genuine contemporary treasure hunt. "Manga Reva: The Forgotten Island," by Robert Lee Eskridge (Bobbs, Merrill), is the result of eight months in the Gambier Archipelago nine hundred miles from Tahiti; it has the author's illustrations and is both enthusiastic and sympathetic. "Isles of Eden," by Loring Andrews (Long & Smith), describes (with large convincing photographs) how the author provided an earthly paradise in the South Seas for himself, his wife, and two children, on the equivalent of ten dollars a month. Like Mr. Eskridge's book, it is the result of a reasonable amount of going-native; Mr. Andrews adds four bits of native song with musical notation. Elinor Mordaunt is a far-flung traveller with a special interest in the islands of the Pacific; her new "Rich Tapestry" (Farrar & Rinehart) ranges the earth from Central America to the Nile, and qualifies for this list by a visit to Angkor Vat. Mrs. Mordaunt's "Cross Winds" (Day) is a readable and romantic murder mystery whose murder takes place in Java. Rex Beach's "Men of the Outer Islands" (Farrar & Rinehart) is a set of short stories laid in the Dutch East Indies. "Malaisie," by Henri Fauconnier (Macmillan), is on a rubber plantation in Malaysia, where a French exile spends much of his time in talk about life east and west and where a native, running suddenly amok, brings down an avalanche of death.

E. K. K., Pa., has the French war bibliography "Temoins" and asks for the title of the corresponding one for books in English. So far as I can find, no English bibliography with any claim to completeness has been published; the New York Public Library, for instance, has one that was compiled during the war. There is, however, an excellent large new anthology, "Armageddon," edited by Eugene Löhrcke (Viking), with so large and well-chosen a reading-list that apart from its intrinsic value as reading-matter the book would be worth adding to a library as a practical working bibliography for the general reader. "Armageddon" is arranged in chronological sequence; it goes from June 29, 1914, to stories of the returning soldiers, and includes bits from newspapers, masterly short stories, and chapters from the outstanding novels of the war, pointed with official communiqués. There is an introduction by the editor about war literature of all countries, practically all involved are represented.

The same inquirer asks if anything save "The Good Soldier Schweik" has been translated out of the work of Jaroslav Hasek. So far as I know, nothing: Hasek had meant "Schweik" to be in six volumes, but had completed only four when, in January, 1925, he died; Karel Vanek finished the work. Hasek left sixteen volumes of short stories and sketches, according to Mr. Löhrcke's note in "Armageddon."

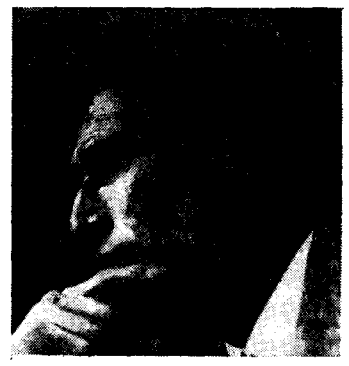
TWO names continue to trouble our pronouncers. Willa Cather, in reply to *a Wisconsin inquirer,* is not pronounced like the beginning of Kate, but rhyming Cath with hath. *The faculty of Brown University* refer the pronunciation of John Maynard Keynes to me, to settle a discussion. It is Canes to rhyme with pains, and thank you for giving me a chance to express my heartfelt gratitude for a book that like his "Essays in Persuasion" (Harcourt, Brace) believes that economic problems belong on the back seat and that in a time not far off "the arena of the heart and head will be occupied, or reoccupied, by our real problems—the problems of life and of human relations, of creation and behavior and religion." When economic experts write like that, who could find their writings dry, even when they write on economics? And in this book he writes on politics too.

For three years JOHN COWPER POWYS has been working quietly on a novel in a little country cottage in upper New York. Out of these three years has come *A Glastonbury Romance.*

The narrative takes place in our own time amid the town and ruins of Glastonbury in Somersetshire, England, a spot known to the author from his own boyhood, and a locale steeped in the magic and symbolism of the Holy Grail.

The action, however, is distinctly modern, and is carried on by a host of contrasting characters—noblemen, communists, tradesmen, priests, harlots, procuresses, lechers, servants, manufacturers, aviators, good girls, bad girls, ordinary people and extraordinary people.

A Glastonbury Romance embraces no less than six major love affairs, one murder, three births and two deaths. Luxuriant as it is with comedy and tragedy. Mr. Powys' pattern is but the outward form covering the more profound struggle between Good and Evil.



John Cowper Powys, whose new novel, A Glastonbury Romance, is just published

Once every few years a great novel comes along—one that the reader lives with for weeks—even months. A Glastonbury Romance is one of these.

The romance is a book of 1174 pages, price $3.75, designed by Andor Braun, published by Simon and Schuster.

A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE

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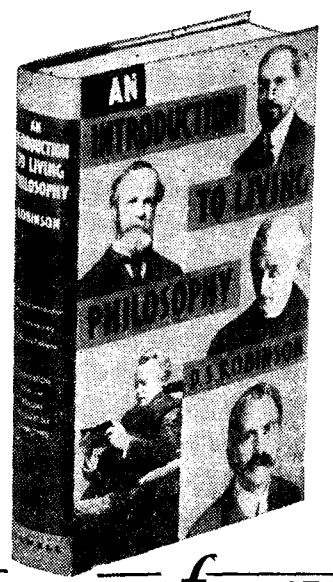

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Points of View

Once a Grand Duke

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

There would have been little sense in answering that highly prejudiced review of Grand Duke Alexander's book which appeared in your issue of March 12th, had it not been for the following three particularly striking instances of the reviewer's bitter bias:

1) "Even an ill-informed reader"—says the reviewer—"*will be suspicious of the* author's historicity, when he finds in crisis after crisis he is sure that he was right and all the others wrong." Before making a statement of this caliber, the reviewer would have done well to consult the "Secret Imperial Documents" (published by the Soviet Government in 1921) which confirm that Grand Duke Alexander was the *only* member of the Imperial Family to call the Czar's attention to the inevitability of the Russo-Japanese war as early as 1901, to the approach of the World Conflict as early as 1912, and to the imminence of the revolution as early as December 25th, 1916.

2) "Whether his bitter condemnation of Kolchack can be believed, it is not so easy to say," continues the reviewer, thus making one suspect that he has not read the Grand Duke's book at all, for no greater glorification of Admiral Kolchack's courage and patriotism has ever been penned than that which is to be found in the concluding pages of "Once a Grand Duke." Incidentally, in describing the martyrdom of the ill-fated Admiral and in denouncing the treachery of the French Military Agent in Siberia, the Grand Duke is in complete accord both with Mr. Winston Churchill's version and the published report of the British Foreign Office.

3) For no reason at all, except a sustained bias, the reviewer makes a comparison between "Education of a Princess" and "Once a Grand Duke," a comparison which is in the long run highly unfair both to Grand Duke Alexander and to Grand Duchess Marie. It stands to reason that the vainglorious parade of the Empire must have impressed somewhat differently the man who observed it from a Minister's seat in the Imperial Council and the girl who watched it from the window of her nursery: the truth is that the Grand Duchess was just eleven when the Grand Duke was trying to spare Russia the calamity of a crushing defeat in the Far East.

JACQUES CHAMBRUN.

(The text of the review read "Kolchack's enemies," which was unfortunately misprinted. The reviewer stands by the rest of his assertions.—THE EDITORS)

The Study of Latin

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

As a teacher of Latin in high school, I am interested, naturally enough, in the fate of the classics. Many educators today feel that the study of Latin is a waste of time: first, because there is too little return for the labor expended; second, because it deals with the past instead of with the present, and thereby does not prepare the student for dealing with the problems of the present; third, because according to Professor Thorndike of Columbia University, the study of Latin increases neither English vocabulary nor the ability to appreciate words, and fails to better style; fourth, because according to Professor Thorndike and others, whatever powers are developed by the study of Latin are not transferable.

Another criticism of the study of Latin is this: namely, that in the course of four years, a student covers only small parts of Caesar, Cicero, Sallust, Ovid, and Vergil. Why spend so much time reading so little in the original when students could cover so much more ground with much more consequent interest in, and knowledge of, the classics by reading them in excellent translations, Greek as well as Latin? Many educators ask further why a four years' course in economics, or in political science, or in sociology, or in national and international problems, or in some such study as heredity would not benefit the student more than the four years' course in Latin. Still others suggest that a four years' course in biography would be just as stimulating to the imagination and as conducive to idealism and right thinking as four years of Latin.

The classicists make the objection that students of high school age cannot understand political science or economics, international problems or the other subjects mentioned. But why should it be more difficult to understand ideas expressed in one's own language than it is to understand them when expressed in a foreign language as difficult as Latin?

What do you think of the idea of crowding four years' Latin into three, or of beginning Latin in the sophomore year, as suggested by one superintendent?

Finally, what is your opinion of Emil Ludwig's statement that classical culture, "more than any other learning in the world, gives to youth a trend towards high idealism and right thinking?"

The writer is attempting to collect as much material as possible to decide the question of the study of Latin one way or the other, material which he hopes to put into book form in the future, so your opinions on all these questions will be highly appreciated. Certainly, it is high time that something was definitely decided in high school education.

W. B. SKERRYE.

Manchester, N. H.

Puritanism and Morals

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

When John Macy in his review of Ludwig Lewisohn's book, "Expression in America," suggests that "to associate the old Puritanism with prohibition is . . . . nonsense" because "New England Puritans, the respectable members of society, were drinkers," he misses the point.

Those of us who agree with Mr. Lewisohn in this instance do not wish to suggest that the Mathers may not have liked their toddies—this is irrelevant to the point—but we do recognize prohibition as symptomatic of that zealous, and, at times, almost fanatic desire upon the part of the Puritan to legislate the morals of his fellow men. The Puritan is, in his own eyes, a Jehovah—appointed crusader against "the Works of the Devil," and, in his cocksureness and self-righteous bigotry, he never doubts his ability to make intelligent decisions concerning what these "Works" are.

In the seventeenth century the Puritan's crusade was against witches; today it is against "strong drink." He firmly believes, in a most naïve way, that he is "his brother's keeper," even to the brother's stomach; and he accepts his mission most seriously.

Mr. Lewisohn may be afflicted with "Puritaniphobia," but Mr. Macy, in his present review of Mr. Lewisohn's book, as well as in his own "The Spirit of American Literature," is too ready to discount the influence that the darker aspects of Puritanism have had upon our literature as well as upon our national life.

H. G. HOLT.

Maywood, Illinois.

The Hopwood Prizes

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

An article in one of your recent issues concerning the Avery Hopwood prizes and awards for original writing interested me very much. The comments of Professor Howard Mumford Jones, in particular, were illuminating. Granted that the conditions of the awards—the large financial sums involved, the rather unusual conditions imposed upon candidates' work, and numerous other factors—make the prize awarding more than ordinarily difficult, it yet seems to me that it would be possible to carry out the donor's intentions a little more successfully. In the first place, it would appear wiser should the decisions as to the awards be made by a person or persons in sympathy with that school of writing which the donor evidently had in mind when he stipulated that the prizes should go to writers exemplifying the new, the original, the radical. The point was made in your magazine that few college students were capable of producing work that was either very original or radical save in so far as it was imitation of other writers commonly accepted as being of this type. However, since the awards are to be made, and I presume with regard to the donor's wishes in the matter, there seems to be nothing left but to give them to students whose work seems most likely in later years to follow the "radical" school. My point is that the judges of these awards should be persons who appreciate and understand the more advanced writers like Eliot, Pound, Joyce, Stein, and Williams. Otherwise how can they know whether the students are trying to create work in the tradition of these original people?

Without attempting to cast any discredit upon Professor Jones, I seriously doubt his ability to judge original and radical work. I have not forgotten a remark he made about the greatest poet of our generation. He said, "The poetry of Ezra Pound is the poetry of an insolence that is empty." Now how can he appreciate or understand a young writer who realizes Mr. Pound's greatness and is therefore quite susceptible to his influence? This student's work may be imitative, but at least it is modelled upon a master's work. Professor Jones in his remarks seemed to deplore that the students were imitating Hemingway and the "transition" group. Since he feels that the majority of them will of necessity imitate someone, what can be his objection to their imitating these writers? I suspect that Professor Jones himself has little or no sympathy with such writers as Hemingway, Stein, Joyce (I know he has none with Pound), and thus cannot help but condemn his students for showing their admiration by imitating this school of literature. It will be interesting to see what students' work is awarded the prizes. Perhaps it would be even more interesting to see the work of the students who were not given any reward. Under the conditions stipulated by the donor, I can see no way for Professor Jones to get around giving the awards to the extremely radical. It would certainly be inconsistent to award the prizes to imitators of such writers as Edna Millay, Edith Wharton, James Branch Cabell, Thornton Wilder, and the rest of the reactionaries.

T. C. WILSON.

Columbus, Ohio.

[*The Hopwood prizes are awarded by juries chosen from professional writers and writers outside of the University.—The Editors.*]

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

We protest! There is no formula for *The Book Collector's Packet! Mr. Carl Rollins,* in a recent issue of your paper, in *The Compleat Collector* column, has said a few kind words about us and reproduced our prospectus in full. For this we are grateful, but for the heading of the notice we have something more than a raise of eyebrows. "One More Formula," it reads. One more formula indeed! If there is any one thing *The Book Collector's Packet* can claim, in its infancy (its first issue has just been published), it is no formula. The very essence of its spirit is that there is *no thoroughly laid out plan, no hidebound* editorial policy. Its one motive is to present matter that will appeal to book lovers and book collectors. Is this a formula? Certainly not!

Mr. Rollins also pays the editor unwitting and perhaps undeserved praise. "One of the most devoted and ingenious collectors of prospectuses (who should therefore be an authority . . .)," says he. Although the editor did indite, in *The Colophon,* an essay on collecting prospectuses, it does not finally follow that he is an authority. Still by a coincidence it is planned that the second issue of the *Packet* will contain a check list of the prospectuses of The Nonesuch Press and a later issue one of those of The Golden Cockerel Press, and it is true that such check lists will appear from time to time. That is what is meant by ". . . bibliographies of exceptional matters. . . ."

Other things have been planned for the future issues of the *Packet,* but at any time all plans may be laid aside to make way for something more lately conceived. The *Packet* will be lively, and in life, as in the *Packet* (may we repeat), there is no formula.

PAUL JOHNSTON
The Book Collector's Packet.

An Opportunity

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Will you be kind enough to call the attention of your readers to the fact that the Drama League Travel Bureau, a non-commercial organization, has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six weeks summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London and the four weeks summer session at the University of Munich? These scholarhsips are primarily intended for students interested in literary and drama study, but are also given for the more important purpose of promoting international understanding. We are very eager that the donors of these scholarships shall not be disappointed in the response to the unusual opportunity offered American students. We welcome all letters of inquiry concerning the granting of the scholarships. Application blanks may be obtained by addressing the Drama League Travel Bureau, 15 West 44th Street, New York City.

HELEN RAVITCH,
Director, Drama League Travel Bureau.

Mrs. Freeman

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In connection with my biographical and critical study of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, I am attempting to make a collection of her letters. The closest relatives, Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Belcher, as well as Mrs. Sprague of Brockton, Mass., who is preparing a similar study, have promised their coöperation. If any of your readers will send original letters to me, I can promise that they will receive the greatest care and will be returned within a very short time by registered mail.

EDWARD FOSTER.

University of Rochester, Rochester, N.Y.

The First Printed Matter

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the "Ask Me Again" column of your March 5th issue the Gutenberg Bible is given in answer to question No. 18: "What was the first work printed in Europe?" If the question means what is the first dated piece of printing matter produced from movable type, the answer, necessarily, is the Indulgence of Nicholas V to such as should contribute money to aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks. A copy of this bears in MS. a contributor's name and the date 12 November 1454. (*Vide,* G. Duff, "Early Printed Books," p. 21; B. M., "Facsimiles," note on Nos. 3 and 4; or R. B. McKerrow, Introduction to Bibliography, p. 268.)

The press notoriety of the recent sale of a Gutenberg Bible helped to spread the common assumption that it is the first piece of occidental printing. It has been claimed that the Mazarine, or 42-line Bible, popularly called the Gutenberg, was actually set up, at least in part, and printed two years earlier. (Duff, ibid, pp. 25-6.) This, however, has not been definitely established, and it would seem, at any rate, that the Indulgence, with its actual date of 1454, ought to be given priority over the Bible of 1456 when it is a question of the first piece of printing done in Europe.

ELEANOR A. B. BECKMAN.

Naperville, Ill.

A Poe Census

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The undersigned are preparing a Census of First Editions, Manuscripts, and Autographs of Edgar Allan Poe. At this time we are particularly interested to know of autograph letters and manuscripts written by Edgar Allan Poe, located in out-of-the-way places, in libraries as well as private collections, in order that we may list the whereabouts of same for our purpose. We require titles of manuscript and length of same, also dates on which letters were written, and to whom addressed.

KENNETH REDE,
CHARLES F. HEARTMAN.

Metuchen, N. J.

A Query

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A year or so ago I was mystified to find a copy of Dante's Divine Comedy listed under Drama, Miscellaneous, in the catalogue of a Chicago dealer in second-hand books. Now I notice the following in a letter from an Illinois correspondent published in Points of View for March 12:

"It's well known that 'Mourning Becomes Electra,' at least, was written as a trilogy to be enacted on three different nights. Convict O'Neill on grounds of lengthiness and what's to be done with Goethe, for instance, or Dante, or Wagner?"

Is it that the classical distinction between the epic and the drama does not exist in the Illinois mind, or am I mistaken?

W. H. SEYMOUR.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Beowulf

BEOWULF. Translated into English Verse by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD. Pictures by ROCKWELL KENT. New York: Random House. 1932. $25.

PROFESSOR Leonard's excellent translation of Beowulf was first published by the Century Company in 1923. It has now been given a sumptuous setting by the Pynson Printers and published in an edition of 950 numbered copies.

The book is a large quarto, measuring 10¾ x 11¼ inches. The paper is a soft, cream wove of just the right weight and texture, and the printing has been well done. The binding is in rough black and white crash, with white stamping, simple and appropriate. The two outstanding features of this edition are, however, the type in which it is set and the eight lithographs by Rockwell Kent.

For the text of the book the Pynson Printers have chosen *Hammer Uncial*, designed by Victor Hammer and cast at the Klingspor foundry in Offenbach-am-Main in Germany. Of Mr. Hammer's later type, the *Hammerschrift*, I spoke at some length a few weeks ago in this column. The *Uncial* is a prior version, Mr. Hammer's first essay at a type form which should more nearly express his ideas of an ideal type than any now existing. The present type has been used sparingly in this country already by the Grabhorn Press and by Mr. Stephen A. Hurlbut at his St. Albans Press. It has not been used more appropriately in any book which I have seen than in this one. The poem dates, in its present form, from near the beginning of the eighth century: the "half-uncial" letters of the seventh century, on which the *Hammer Uncial* is based, were roughly contemporary with the poem. Hence its use in an edition of Beowulf not only needs no extenuation, but has much to commend it. The ever-ready criticism that it is "hard to read" fails of conviction when one really sets out to read it, because while the letters are at first strange they soon become familiar. Furthermore, one doesn't read Beowulf as one reads a detective story: "Scyld Skefing" would not be familiar even in newspaper type. And Mr. Hammer's contention, that his type is easy to read aloud seems to me true. Certain of the letter forms may not be quite authentic, such as the dotted "i", but on the whole it is a fine, bold type, archaic but decidedly interesting.

The lines are long, broken by extra space at the cesuras, and amply leaded. Blue initials with red filigree ornamentation, and the prose paraphrases printed in red—Mr. Hammer's own Venetian red—give color and variety to the pages. I find the book good to look at. Perhaps this is a quirk of my mind, for I also like the Chaucer and Troy types of the Kelmscott Press. But it is good occasionally to get away from the conventional roman and black letter of our four hundred year printing tradition, and feast the eye on more unusual letter forms such as this book displays to such good advantage. For one thing, such types as Morris's semi-black letter forms and this *Hammer Uncial* are bold and forthright types, good in design and asking no favors from anyone. They have been made to please the designer, and not to please the Duke of Parma or the Ladies of the King's Bedchamber.

Of Mr. Kent's pictures two things may be said. They are of themselves as stunning as anything he ever did, and they are quite out of place in this book. It really is difficult to understand why the lithographic process should have been chosen as the medium for the illustrations in a book so full of "punch" as this book. Mr. Kent himself knows how to handle hard-hitting pictures in wood-cut technique, as his illustrations for the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Memoirs of Casanova" have well demonstrated. It seems incredible that Mr. Adler and Mr. Kent should not have known that they were doing violence to the typographic unities, so there must be a reason for this violence. But I do not know what it is.

As I have said, the pictures themselves are stunning, and further testify to Mr. Kent's amazing versatility and vitality as an illustrator.

There is one other false note in the title-page with its unfortunate mixture of alphabets—quite unnecessary in view of the fine letter forms at hand in the text type. One is all the more exasperated over the pictures and the title-page because the book is really so brave a piece of work in its idea and most of its execution. But when the perfect book is printed there will be no need for printers or reviewers.

The Fletcher Library

THE catalogue of Part I of the library of Frank Irving Fletcher begins with Addison and ends with Yeats, and these authors roughly delimit the period which the collection embraces. The twelve-hundred-odd lots will be dispersed at auction April 19th, 20th, and 21st. The occasion will be the most notable event of the 1931-32 season with the exception of the Lothian sale, but on behalf of the Fletcher collection it must at once be added that for warmth, intimacy, and popular appeal it far surpasses the marmoreal frigidity of the Lothian collection.

The Fletcher collection, which will go on public exhibition at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries on April 12th (and in future, in the interests of space conservation, this department will take a cue from the telephone operator at the galleries and call them simply American Anderson), is particularly rich in Lewis Carroll items. There are exactly fifty of these, nearly half of them inscribed, from the author's own copy of his earliest book, "A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry" (Oxford, 1860), to two presentation copies of "Symbolic Logic," issued thirty-six years later. Between these titularly unalluring terminals is a whole platoon of "Alices," with the recalled and unprocurable 1865 edition alone conspicuously absent.

The fifty-one Whitman lots include an 1855 "Leaves of Grass," the antithetical 1856 edition with Emerson billboarded on the shelfback, the very rare first issue of the Boston, 1881-82, edition with "Third Edition" on the title page which vastly irked the salesman in Whitman, since the edition was at least the seventh, and the "death-bed edition" of 1891-92—one of a few copies hastily bound in wrappers to pleasure the vanity of an old man sinking into eternity.

The Dickens items include two unrecorded issues of the pamphlets published on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, London, and the Poe a copy of "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" (Philadelphia, 1840) with page 213 of the second volume misfolioed 231. It is unfortunate that only two or three copies with this error are known, otherwise a severely specializing enthusiast could inaugurate a collection of books with errors in the numbering of page 213. He should begin with Dickens more readily procurable, "A Tale of Two Cities," wherein what actually is page 213 is designated 113.

A Boswell rarity of transcendent importance is the first issue of "The Essence of the Douglas Cause" (London, 1767), one of two known copies—the other either eluded or antedated Chauncey B. Tinker and is now safe in the Harvard College Library. As originally assembled the book contained "Some Observations on a Pamphlet lately Published." The catalogue description continues: "The text of this supplementary essay was not written by Boswell, but was hastily compiled by an ardent Douglasian whose name is not recorded. It was included by the publisher, John Wilkes, with 'The Essence of the Douglas Cause,' by James Boswell, but without the latter's permission. When Boswell discovered the fact he ordered the removal of the extraneous text from all unsold copies. This change was duly made by the publisher, but the title-page, presumably on account of the expense involved, was left unaltered."

The Fletcher library as a whole is as representative a collection of English and American literature of the past two and a half centuries as has appeared in many seasons, and its dispersal will be an event of impressive significance.

J. T. W.

At Weimar in Germany on March twenty-second a Goethe celebration was held; those in charge of the National Goethe Museum are requesting literary circles throughout the world to conduct ceremonies to mark the centenary of Goethe's death; and the Association of German Book Artists has asked book illustrators and book printers in all countries to issue special editions of Goethe's works.

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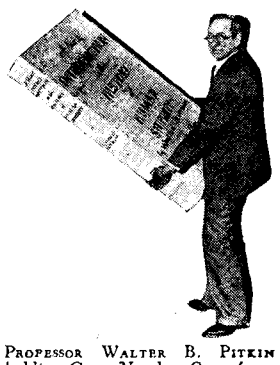

PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN *holding Copy Number One of* HIS SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF HUMAN STUPIDITY.

Could there possibly be a more opportune time or a more happily fitting occasion than All-Fools' Day in this year of grace, 1932, for the publication of PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN's gargantuan new book—a slight 574 pages—entitled *A Short Introduction To The History of Human Stupidity?*

Twenty-four volume encyclopedias are mere foot-notes; civilizations and dynasties are simply card-index entries; and the contents of the Congresional Library only raw material for this Olympian survey of mankind's recurrent and contemporaneous follies, frenzies, blunders, irrationalities, vagaries, quackeries, delusions, obsessions, puerilities, hysterias, infatuations, paranoias, stupors, hallucinations, incapacities, insensitivities, imbecilities, and related traits and habits of *homo stultus*.

Never before have the vast sprawling areas of ubiquitous, perennial stupidity been so comprehensively, so devastatingly set forth. Here is the sweep of *The Outline of History*—with the guffaws of *Boners!* Here are the highest promontories of human error on the bleak and stormy coasts of time. Here is Himalayan vaudeville to provide Belly-Laughs for the Gods. Here are the case-histories, believe it or not, of one billion, five hundred million human beings—including emperors and serfs, field-marshals and peons, multi-millionaires and poets, mountebanks and cannon-fodder, bankers and buffoons.

PROFESSOR PITKIN names names and mentions places; he pulls no punches and fears no sacred cows; he calls a fool a fool and supplies the specific, authentic, intimate details we all crave to know. He spares neither sage nor savant, and to find horrible examples of human stupidity he ransacks the Hall of Fame itself.

Do you want examples? In this short [and expensive] space there is room for only two: "*It has been seriously asserted*," says Professor Pitkin, "*that* KITCHENER *was the stupidest man who ever became famous; and it is hard to refute this exalted claim. In the presence of his memory, all the donkeys salute.*" . . . . . Or consider this tribute to the Tiger of France: "*A wild animal in pants, he ruled by brute force, by feline cunning, and by that stupidity of the French peasant which in* CLEMENCEAU *was raised to the nth power. His mind had stopped growing half a century before the war—and it never had been much of a mind.*"

But you mistake the aim of this *Short Introduction To The History of Human Stupidity* if you think of it simply as a doom's-day book of derision, a monolith of corrosive vituperation. There is profound psychological analysis back of each case-history, disciplined scholarship back of each generalization. This book is the climax of twenty years of painstaking and heroic research. If we roar with laughter as PROFESSOR PITKIN deflates the stuffed shirts of history and unhorses the Big Shots of our own time, it is not because he tries to be funny, but simply because he succeeds in being accurate.

ESSANDESS.

A Tip

to Vacationers and all others who like their West open-spaced.

"OH, RANGER!"

That lively authority on the National Parks, by Horace M. Albright and Frank J. Taylor, is now **$1.00.**

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE have long been an admirer of the drawing of *Rex Whistler*. That's why we reproduce something of his above. And another reason is that it is a sample of his work decorating *Elizabeth Godley's* "Green Outside," a book of children's verse which has just been published by the Viking Press. Some years ago it was *Edith Olivier* who first spoke to us of the work of Rex Whistler, and since then he has done frontispieces and jackets for several of her delightful novels. . . .

Before we leave mention of the Viking Press we should state that three writers whose first books were published by that firm gained Guggenheim awards on this year's list. *Howard Mumford Jones*, author of "The Shadow" which is included in Wisconsin Plays, Second Series; *Louis Adamic*, author of "Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America," and *George Dillon*, author of two volumes of poetry, "Boy in the Wind" and "The Flowering Stone," were the lucky people. . . .

This week's Nest is a poetry number. First we present you with the following by *Angela Cypher*:

OUR SOPHISTICATES

Many a Kansas
Family has a
Bootlegged book
On the piazza

So that grandma,
Gently rocking,
Keeps in touch
With what is shocking.

The sophisticates
In Texas
Scorn the books
The Guild selects us.

Private Printings
Find response in
Wholesale orders
From Wisconsin.

Boston censorship
Will add a
Boost to sales talk
In Nevada.

Arizona
Literati
Simply pant
For something naughty.
Speed the low-down,
Hurry, hurry,
Send it even
To Missouri,

Simple housewives
Feeding chickens
Want D. H. Lawrence
More than Dickens,

And stolid farmers
Running dairies
Long to read
About the fairies!

Next we have *Frances Frost's* observation of a woodchuck. And Houghton Mifflin, by the way, are bringing out sometime this summer her next book of poetry, "These Acres." "Blue Harvest" has been sold out and is now out of print, so collectors had better get busy!

OBSERVATION

The woodchuck sits
On a brown knoll,
Hunched and drenched with sun
And droll,
One eye on the universe and one
On his own hole.

Let there intrude
Toward his domain
Shadow or footstep, fear
Is written plain
On his small face; he dives and contemplates
His very soul.
But man, alas, is no
Philosopher,
Nor hides he, as the woodchuck, peace
Beneath his fur.
He must reach out forever and forever
A cry, a hand,
And run with his fellows who similarly sever
Their restless hearts from the deep, hill-burrowed sand.

Then too we've had the following Oriental poem on hand for a good while. The author is *Helen Maring* of Seattle, Washington:

CHINESE ARTIST

"What do you paint with finger-tips?"
"I paint people, birds, and ships,—
I paint a bud, a bloom, a tree.
Sit, Madam, have some Chinese tea!"
"Do you admire our people, Kwei?"
"They live too much—too fast for play—
They think that gold is all the goal;
They do not stop to think of soul."

"Delicious tea! And that old book?
Do let me have a closer look!"
"Chinese thought, nine centuries past,
Containing much that will outlast.
May I translate some words for you?"
"I should be charmed to hear. Please do!"

"Inspiration," I'll begin,
"Is explosion from within.
(These words were written, pardon me!
Eleven hundred years, A. D.)
Poetry is a doorway through
Which emotions go from you.
One must have a leisure heart
To partake of verse or art.
One should wash off thought of fame;
Thought of money, just the same.
Oil your poems by your friends.
(That means "read" to make amends.)
Peel your ideas off until
There is core to stir the will.
Weigh your ideas like a scale;
Yourself keep balanced, without fail!"
He closed the book and made a bow
"Not much difference, then and now?"

The poet, Miss Maring, tells us "This is authentic—from a free translation by a Chinese artist, at a soirée. The Phœnix was a Chinese bird, anyway!" . . .

O. Muriel Fuller of this city sends us the following concerning *Edith O'Shaughnessy:*

> "Viennese Medley," by Edith O'Shaughnessy, which "*esh*" writes about, was published in this country some years ago—in 1924 or 1925 or 1926 (I'm sorry I can't be more definite). I had it for review when I was doing books for the *Chicago Daily News*, and I thought it one of the grandest books I ever read. I still do. But I can't tell you the publisher. They made a movie out of it—giving it some beautiful sexy title, of course—so it has undoubtedly appeared in America. It's a story of the starving time in Vienna after the war, and is an exceptional book.

From Harbor Springs, Michigan, *Ivan Swift* sends us this most timely Spring idea:

LEAVINGS

Snow in the shaded places,
And little of Summer's graces;
But I saw a bird on wing—
Building a nest in an old man's vest,
With cast-off string and last-year straw.
He looked to the east and west—
And sang of Spring
And the apples of haw.
No thought of stock deflation,
Nor grief of bond quotation;
No sigh for neighbors dead,
No fear for daily bread—
Annoyed his occupation.

Well, you may object to so much verse in one issue, but allow us to tell you that even *J. S. Fletcher*, the world's most famous mystery-story writer, began life as a promising young poet. His verse which received high praise from persons of literary importance was never published except for a circle of intimate friends, but now the manuscripts have been rescued from the box where they have lain for thirty years and are to be published in book-form in England.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

From the Counting Stones of the Romans Came Our Word

CALCULATE

The ancient Romans had no adding machines. Even the art of writing was the accomplishment of comparatively few. So their counting and reckoning was done with the aid of little stones used as counters. The Latin word for the pebble used in this way was *calculus*, derived from *calx* meaning "limestone." From *calculus* was developed the verb *calculare*, "to calculate," and this is the immediate origin of our word *calculate*.

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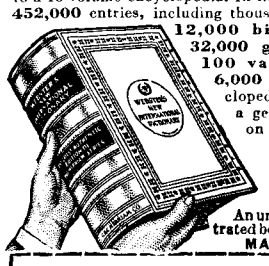

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